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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1846. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

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RICHARD BAXTER.

BY JAMES STEPHENS.

Had Charles been permitted to follow the dictates of his own easy nature, or of his religious predilections, he would (though for precisely opposite reasons) have emulated the zeal of Cromwell for liberty of conscience. He would gladly have secured that freedom to his Roman Catholic subjects; and would still more gladly have relieved himself from the trouble of persecuting the Protestant Dissenters. But the time was still unripe for such hazardous experiments. At the dictation of Clarendon, he was made to assure his Parliament that he was "as much in love with the Book of Common Prayer as they could wish, and had prejudices enough against those who did not love it." Within two years from his return, the depth and sincerity of this affection were attested by the imprisonment of more than four thousand Quakers, and by the promulgation of the act of Uniformity. Among the two thousand clergymen whom this law excluded from the Church, Baxter was on every account the most conspicuous. He had refused the bishopric of Hereford, and the united interest of Charles and Clarendon had been exerted in vain (so with most elaborate hypocrisy it was pretended) to recover for him a curacy at Kidderminster. He for ever quitted that scene of his apostolical labors; and in the forty-seventh year of his age, bowed down with bodily infirmities, was driven from his home and his weeping congregation, to pass the remainder of his life in loathsome jails or precarious hiding-places; there to achieve, in penury and almost ceaseless pain, works without a parallel in the history of English theological literature, for their extent, or their prodigality of mental resources.

Solitude was not among the aggravations of his lot. Margaret Charlton was a lady of gentle birth, rich in the gifts of nature and of fortune. She dwelt in her mother's house at Kidderminster, where both parent and child found in Baxter their teacher and spiritual guide. "In her youth, pride and romances, and company suitable thereto, did take her up." But sickness came, and he ministered to her anxieties; and health returned, and he led the thanksgiving of the congregation; and there were mental conflicts in which he sustained her, and works of mercy in which he directed her, and notes were made of his sermons, and passages were transcribed from his consolatory letters, and gradually—but who needs to be told the result? Margaret was no ordinary woman. Her "strangely vivid wit" is celebrated by the admirable John Howe; and her widowed husband, in "The breviate of life," has drawn a portrait the original of which it would have been criminal not to love. Timid, gentle, and reserved, and nursed amidst all the luxuries of her age, her heart was the abode of affections so intense, and of fortitude *so enduring*, that her meek spirit, impatient of one selfish wish, progressively acquired all the heroism of benevolence, and seemed at length incapable of one selfish fear. In prison, in sickness, in evil report, in every form of danger and fatigue, she was still with unabated cheerfulness at the side of him to whom she had pledged her conjugal faith;—prompting him to the discharge of every duty, calming the asperities of his temper, his associate in unnumbered acts of philanthropy, embellishing his humble home by the little arts with which a cultivated mind imparts its own gracefulness to the meanest dwelling place; and during the nineteen years of their union joining with him in one unbroken strain of filial affiance to the Divine mercy, and of a grateful adoration for the Divine goodness. Her taste and habits had been moulded into a perfect conformity to his. He celebrates her Chatholic charity to the opponents of their religious opinions, and her inflexible adherence to her own; her high esteem of the active and passive virtues of the Christian life, as contrasted with a barren orthodoxy; her noble disinterestedness, her skill in casuistry, her love of music, and her medicinal arts. Peace be to the verses which she poured out not to extol but to animate her devotion. If Margaret was wooed in strains over which Sacharrissa would have slumbered, Baxter's uncouth rhymes have a charm which Waller's lyrics cannot boast—the charm of purity, and reverence and truth. The Eloise of Abelard, and the Eloise of Rousseau, revealing but too accurately one of the dark chambers of the human heart, have poisoned the imagination, and rendered it difficult to conceive of such ties as those which first drew together the souls of the Nonconformist minister and his pupil;—he approaching his fiftieth and she scarcely past her twentieth year; he stricken with penury, disease, and persecution, and she in the enjoyment of affluence and of the world's alluring smiles. It was not in the reign of Charles the Second, that wit or will were wanting to ridicule, or to upbraid such espousals. Grave men sighed over the weakness of the venerable divine; and gay men disported themselves with so effective an incident in the tragi-comedy of life. Much had the great moralist written upon the benefits of clerical celibacy; for, "when he said so, he thought he should die a bachelor." Something he wrote as follows, in defence of his altered opinions:—"The unsuitableness of our age, and my former known purposes against marriage and against the conveniency of minister's marriage, who have no sort of necessity, made our marriage the matter of much talk;" but he most judiciously proceeds, "the true opening of her case and mine, and the many strange occurrences which brought it to pass, would take away the wonder of her friends and mine that knew us, and the notice of it would conduce to the understanding of some other passages of our lives. Yet wise friends, by whom I am advised, think it better to omit such personal particularities at this time. Both in her case and in mine there was much extraordinary, which it doth not much concern the world to be acquainted with." Under this apology, it veiled the fact that Margaret herself first felt, or first betrayed the truth, that a sublunary affection had blended itself with their devotional feelings; and that she encouraged him to claim that place in her heart which the holiest of human beings has still left for mere human sympathy. It was an attachment hallowed on either side by all that can give dignity to the passions to which all are alike subject. To her it afforded the daily delight of supporting in his gigantic labors, and of soothing in his unremitted cares, a husband who repaid her tenderness with unceasing love and gratitude. To him it gave a friend whose presence was tranquility, who tempered by her milder wisdom, and graced by her superior elegance, and exalted by her more confiding piety, whatever was austere, or rude, or distrustful in his rugged character. After all, it must be confessed that the story will not fall handsomely to any niche in the chronicles of romance; though, even in that light, Crabbe of Marmontal would have made something of it. Yet, unsupported by any powers of narrative, it is a tale which will never want in interest, so long as delight shall be felt in contemplating the submission of the sternest and most powerful minds to that kindly influence which cements and blesses, and which should enoble human society.

Over the declining years of Baxter's life, friendship, as well as conjugal love, threw a glow of consolation which no man never needed or ever valued more. His affectionate record of his associates has rescued some of their names from oblivion. Such is the case with "good old Simon Ash, who went seasonably to heaven at the very time he was to be cast out of the church; who, having a good estate, and a very good wife inclined to entertainments and liberality, kept a house much frequented by ministers, where, always cheerful, without profuse laughter, or levity, and never troubled with doubtings," he imparted to others the gaity of his own heart, and died as he had lived, "in great consolation and cheerful exercise of faith, molested with no fears or doubts, exceedingly glad of the company of his friends, and greatly encouraging all about him." Such also was "good Mr James Walton, commonly called the weeping prophet; of a most holy blameless life, and, though learned, greatly averse to controversy and dispute;" a man who had struggled successfully against constitutional melancholy, until troubled with the sad case of the Church and the multitude of ministers cast out, and [illegible] own unserviceableness, he consumed to death."

To the Democritus and Heraclitus of nonconformity, a far greater name succeeds in the catalogue of Baxter's friends. In the village of Acton, Sir Matthew Hale had found an occasional retreat from the cares of his judicial life; and devoted his leisure to science and theology, and to social intercourse with the ejected Nonconformist. In an age of civil strife, he had proposed to himself the example of Atticus, and like that accomplished person, endeavored to avert the enmity of the contending parties by the fearless discharge of his duties to all, without ministering to the selfish ends of any. The frugal simplicity of his habits, his unaffected piety and studious pursuits, enabled him to keep this hazardous path with general esteem, though he was more indebted for safety to his unrivalled eminence as a lawyer and a judge. Though Cromwell and Lodlow rebelled against the Papal authority of Westminster Hall, their age laged far behind them. In the overthrow of all other institutions, the the courts in which Fortescue and Coke had explained or invented the immemorial customs of England, were still the objects of universal veneration; and the supremacy of the law secured to its sages the homage of the people. Never was it rendered more justly than to Hale. With the exception of Roger North, we remember no historian of that day who does not bear an unqualified testimony to his uprightness, to the surpassing compass of his professional learning, and the exquisite skill with which it was employed. That agreeable, though most prejudiced writer, refuses him not only this, but the still higher praise of spotless patriotism, and ridicules his pretentions as a philosopher and divine. Baxter, an incomparably better judge, thought far otherwise. In the learning in which he then excelled all others, he assigned a high station to Hale: and has recorded that his "conference, mostly about the immortality of the soul and other philosophical and foundation points, was so edifying, that his very questions and objections did help me to more light than other men's solutions." Differing on those subjects which then agitated society, their minds, enlarged by nobler contemplations, rose far above the controversies of their age; and were united in efforts for their mutual improvement, and for advancing the interests of religion, truth, and virtue. It was a grave and severe, but an affectionate friendship; such as can subsist only between men who have lived in the habitual restraint of their lower faculties, and in the strenuous culture of those powers which they believe to be destined hereafter, and to be ripening now, for an indefinite expansion and an immortal existence.

From such intercourse Baxter was rudely called away. Not satisfied with the rigid uniformity of professed belief and external observances amongst the clergy of the Established Church, Parliament had denounced a scale of penalties, graduated from fine, to banishment to the plantations, against laics who should attend any other form of religious worship, even in private houses, where more than five strangers should be present. At Acton, a personage of no mean importance watched over the ecclesiastical discipline of the parish. "Dr Ryves, rector of that church, and of Hadly, dean of Windsor and of Wolverhampton, and chaplain in ordinary to the King," could not patiently endure the irregularities of his learned neighbor. The Dean indeed officiated by deputy, and his curate was a raw and ignorant youth; and Baxter (an occasional conformist) was a regular attendant on all the sacred offices. But he refused the Oxford oath, and at his domestic worship there were sometimes found more than the statutable addition to the family circle. Such offences demanded expiation. He was committed to Clerkenwell jail; and, when at length discharged from it, was compelled to seek a new and more hospitable residence. He had his revenge. It was to obtain, through the influence of one of his most zealous disciples, the charter which incorporates the Church of England Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—a return of good for evil for which his name might well displace those of some of the saints of the calendar.

While the plague was depopulating London, and the silenced clergymen were discharging the unenvied office of watching over the multitude appointed to death, the King and Clarendon, at a secure distance from the contagion, were employed in framing the statute which denounced the most rigid punishment against any nonconformist minister who should approach within five miles of any town in England, or of any parish in which he had formerly officiated. Totteridge, a hamlet, round which a circle of ten miles in diameter could be drawn without including any of the residences thus proscribed to Baxter, became his next abode, but was not permitted to be a place of security or rest. His indefatigable pen had produced a paraphrase on the New Testament, where the keen scrutiny of his enemies detected libels, to be refuted only by the logic of the court and prison of the King's Bench.

* * * * * *

The judge [Jeffries] entered the court with his face flaming, "he snorted and squeaked, blew his nose and clenched his hands, and lifted up his eyes, mimicking their manner, and running on furiously, as he said they used to pray." The ermined buffoon extorted a smile from the nonconformists themselves. Pollexfen, the leading counsel for the defence, gave into the humor, and attempted to gain attention for his argument by a jest. "My Lord," he said, some will think it a hard measure to stop these men's mouths, and not to let them speak through their noses." "Pollexfen," said Jeffries, "I know you well. You are the patron of the faction; this is an old rogue who has poisoned the world, with his Kidderminster doctrine. He encouraged all the women to bring their bodkins and thimbles, to carry on the war against their King, of ever blessed memory. An old schismatical knave—a hypocritical villian." "My Lord," replied the counsel, "Mr. Baxter's loyal and peaceable spirit, King Charles would have rewarded with a bishopric, when he came in, if he would have conformed." "Ay," said the judge, "we know that; but what ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform? Is he wiser or better than other men? He hath been, ever since, the spring of the faction. I am sure he has poisoned the world with his linsey-woolsey doctrine, a conceited—stubborn, fanatical dog." After one counsel, and another, had been overborne by the fury of Jeffries, Baxter himself took up the argument. "My Lord," he said, "I have been so moderate with respect to the Church of England, that I have incurred the censure of many of the Dissenters on that account." "Baxter for Bishops," exclaimed the judge, "it is a merry conceit indeed. Turn to it, turn to it!" On this one of the counsel turned to a passage in the libel, which stated, that "great respect is due to those truly called bishops amongst us." "Ay," said Jeffries, this is your Presbyterian cant, *truly* called to be bishops; that is of himself and such rascals, called the bishops of Kidderminster, and other such places. The bishops set apart by such factious—snivelling Presbyterians as himself; a Kidderminster bishop he means, according to the saying of a late learned author, every parish shall maintain a tythe-pig metropolitan." Baxter offering to speak again, Jeffries exploded in the following apostrophe. "Richard! Richard! dost thou think here to poison the court? Richard thou art an old fellow—and old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition, I might say treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. I know that thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty don, and a doctor of your party at your elbow; but I will crush you all. Come, what do you say for yourself, you old knave—come speak up, what doth he say? I am not afraid of him, or of all the snivelling calves you have got about you,"—alluding to some persons who were in tears at this scene. "Your Lordship need not," said Baxter, "for I'll not hurt you. But these things will surely be understood one day; what fools one sort of Protestants are made, to prosecute the other." Then lifting up his eyes to Heaven he said, "I am not concerned to answer such stuff, but am ready to produce my writings, in confutation of all this; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation."

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and but for the resistance of the other judges, Jeffries would have added whipping through the city to the sentence of imprisonment. It was to continue until the prisoner should have paid five hundred marks. Baxter was at that time in his 70th year. A childless widower, groaning under the agonies of bodily pain, and reduced by former persecutions to sell all that he possessed; he entered the King's Bench prison in utter poverty, and remained there for nearly two years, hopeless of any abode on earth. But the hope of a mansion of eternal peace and love raised him beyond the reach of human tyranny. He possessed his soul in patience. Wise and good men resorted to his prison, and brought back greetings to his distant friends, and maxims of piety and prudence. Happy in the review of a well spent life, and still happier in the prospect of its early close, his spirit enjoyed a calm for which his enemies might well have exchanged their mitres and their thrones. His pen, the faithful companion of his troubles, as of his joys, still plied the Herculanean tasks which habit had rendered not merely easy, but delightful to him; and what mattered the gloomy walls or the obscene riot of a jail, while he was free to wander from early dawn to nightfall over the sublime heights of devotion, or through the interminable, but to him not pathless wilderness of psychology! There pain and mortal sickness were unheeded, and his long-lost wife forgotten, or remembered only that he might rejoice in their approaching re-union. The altered policy of the Court restored him for awhile to the questionable advantage of bodily freedom. "At this time," said younger Calamy, "he talked about another world like one that had been there, and was come as an express from thence to make a report concerning it." But age, sickness, and persecution had done their work. His material frame gave way to the pressure of disease, though, in the language of one of his last associates, "his soul abode rational, strong in faith and hope." That his dying hours were agitated by the doubts which had clouded his earlier days, has been often but erroneously asserted. With manly truth, he rejected, as affectation, the wish for death to which some pretend. He assumed no stoical indifference to pain, and indulged in no unhallowed familiarity on those awful subjects which occupy the thoughts of him whose eye is closing on sublunary things, and is directed to an instant eternity. In profound lowliness, with a settled reliance on the Divine mercy, repeating at frequent intervals the prayer of the Redeemer, on whom his hopes reposed, and breathing out benedictions on those who encircled his dying bed, he passed away from a life of almost unequalled toil and suffering, to a new condition of existence, where he doubted not to enjoy that perfect conformity of the human to the Divine will, to which, during his three-score years and ten, it had been his ceaseless labor to attain.

THE ONLY STANDARD OF FAITH AND PRACTICE.

BY THE REV. JOHN ALDIS.

The Bible is divine. It comes from God. It is invested with his attributes. Its doctrines are truth, its requirements justice, its spirit holiness, its threatenings and promises unchangeable faithfulness. Here we hearken to the voice, and see the face of God. Here the benevolence of the Almighty is enthroned to dispense its highest favors. All is provided that is necessary to enlighten the mind, to sanctify the heart, to regulate the conduct, and glorify our eternal destiny. As our thoughts are conformed to it, we are free from error; as our affections sympathize with it, we are delivered from pollution; as our actions are guided by it, we are saved from guilt. It is as exempt from mistake as from misrepresentation. It was greatly needed. The wisest and the best have confessed they could not answer the most important questions concerning our present condition and future prospects. They were equally unable to discover rules of duty, and to provide the power to discharge them.

Nothing but an infallible guide can rescue us at once from danger and from fear; speculation, which yields but a pleasurable excitement when unimportant matters are pursued, becomes anguish when our spiritual relations and eternal destinies tremble in the balance. God has set our minds at rest: from the secret of his glory he has put forth his hand, that we may grasp it, lean upon it, and follow it all through our journey.

Yet the Bible is armed with a divine authority. It demands immediate submission and universal obedience. Coming from heaven it could do no less. To disbelieve is to disobey; to disobey is to perish. To spurn it is to say unto God, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy way." To receive it into the heart is eternal life; every faculty is filled, every interest is safe; we have the mind and heart of the only wise God our Savior. Wondrous book! so beneficent and yet so awful, so simple and yet so vast! At once the tribunal and the mercy-seat; the fountain of grace and of judgment.

Light is thus come into the world, and it is soon ascertained if men love darkness rather than light. Here is the fan in the hand of the great Master wherewith he will purge his flour. The chaff will be driven away, but not a grain of wheat shall perish. Do we abide the day of his coming? Do we receive his word as divine, all-sufficient, and alone?

The recognition of this, then, is the only true basis of union. Creeds and confessions may sometimes be harmless, but they are unsound in principle, they never answer the ends they are intended for, and often produce very formidable evils. But the appeal to the Bible as a divine and final authority is at once right and beneficial.

1. *It expresses the distinctive principle of our holy religion.* Christianity is equally opposed to scepticism and superstition. He who in his religion rejects the New Testament, and he who is not content with it, may be anything else,—they are not Christians. Superstition is devotion without knowledge, and therefore without reason. It does not allow itself to be tested by an appeal to any standard superior to itself.—Not only is no reason proffered, no inquiry is allowed. To ask for proof is to renounce your piety. That which is the blindest is the best.—Thus ignorance is the parent of devotion.

But this does not answer the first conditions of our nature, nor can it survive the antagonism of free inquiry. It sets at nought every principle of true worship, for God will accept only that which comes from an enlightened understanding and a sanctified heart. On other grounds, infidelity rejects our standard. It receives nothing but the light of nature. The notions and feelings of its advocates concerning the book may be very dissimilar. Some, with Herbert, will eulogize its morality, its poetry, and antiquity; others, with Paine, may find their malignity unutterable, with all the forms of ribaldry and abuse. They may differ from each other as widely as the limits of pantheism, atheism, deism, or Socinianism will allow. Yet they all find a bond of brotherhood in this—they deny that there is an authority in the gospel to which we must appeal, and by which we must be concluded. Here then is our distinction.—We desire to worship God; we feel the light of nature is insufficient; we know the Almighty has revealed his will,—with that revelation we are content. In this we are one.

2. By recognizing this standard *we limit our disagreements, and provide for their settlements.* It must be conceded that that is not in controversy betwixt us, which the book does not mention; and that caanot be of primary importance which is but rarely and incidentally introduced. The only indication that one subject is of more consequence than another, is its prominence and emphasis here. In that very process, is the evidence augmented, by which all questions concerning it must be settled. It is true that the range of the Bible is large, but still it is limited. If Christians were to debate nothing but what it teaches, a vast proportion of their controversies would cease. Meanwhile we have advanced thus far. The arbitrarian is appointed, every thing is to be referred to it, there will be no error in the decision, there is no appeal from it, and no exception against it. If we are consistent we shall approach as near to unity as our present condition will allow, and if we do not the fault will not be in our fundamental principles.

3. *We avow that religion is spiritual and personal.* If it were a ceremonial to be performed by proxy, the settlement of it might be delegated to a few. But in Christianity each man is made directly dependent on God. He must be vitally united with Christ. He has just so much religion, as he has truth operating in his mind and heart. The Bible therefore is plain, for it is the patrimony of all. It is not a mystery to be explained by the learned few, but a lesson to be acquired by the untutored many. The Redeemer "spake openly" to all. "The common people heard him gladly." It is proclaimed as at once the sign and the glory of this last dispensation,—"the poor have the gospel preached unto them." The way to heaven is plain, and "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Every thing has been carefully arranged, that our faith should not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God. No provision is made for an infallible interpretation, and as such interpretation exists. To pretend to the possession of it is blasphemy. It is only one degree of iniquity less to acknowledge it. We repudiate it. We seek at once the glory of God, and the rights of his people. We are thus allied with the Deity and his faithful servants.

4. He who recognizes this standard *embodies the essential principles of true piety.* He performs one act of homage which comprehends or implies all the rest. He takes the book of law in his hand, and swears upon it the oath of subjection and fealty to the only Governor of the spiritual world. There is in it the germ of all faith, repentance, and devotion. The kingdom of God is within him. It will absorb the whole man; for recognising this truth, what less can he do than love it? bound by these laws what can he do but obey? Meet him in the most distant climes, follow him through the most dissimilar circumstances, and yet you will find he is one of the regenerated brotherhood. He is taught by the same Spirit, and has learned the same lessons. He may not use the same dialect, but he does the same language, and his thoughts are substantially the same as your own. The points on which you agree, are those on which you can both be most eloquent, for they refer to your dearest interest, and stir your deepest passions. They bring you to the melting scenes of Calvary, and the raptures of the promised glory; they inspire feelings and prompt an utterance which are as universal as the true church on earth, and lasting as the occupations of heaven. Thus you know you have a common life and destiny. Your hearts are in unison, for the hand of God has tuned them. You are most one, just when you are what you ought to be, and desire to be. In prayer and praise, in the effluence of the heart before the great Father, and in tender communion with the elder Brother. There is the sanctuary of the new-created life, where the glance of the stranger is like sacrilege—a profanation of your holiest things—you find a deeper sacredness as you mingle your spirit with his who is born from above. Through the voyage of life, this indicates our course and its issue.—Do they acknowledge our chart, and submit to our pilot? If not, we part company; but if they do, we will sail together. We will look upward: there is the star that guide us; and at last, when every storm is braved and every peril passed, we shall rest in heaven.

5. *We thus give all the honor to God.* One of the greatest evils of denominationalism is that it transfers to the creature what is due the creator. It trusts the words of man, as being more explicit and binding than those of the Holy Ghost: it exalts the name of man, or a particular article of faith or discipline to occupy the most prominent place, if not to exert the supremacy of dominion. The church of Rome boasts of its unity but its only tangible and enduring element, is the acknowledgment of the supremacy of the pope. It is successful only where it is wicked. This papal dominion, viewed in its most harmless character, is but the dominion of a creature, and therefore a usurpation of the prerogatives of Jehovah. We are referred to this as the secret of its success, the *sine qua non* of its existence.—Yet what honor does it confer to confess, that to secure a unity they have transferred their allegiance to another, and have founded an harmonious brotherhood by rendering their spiritual apostacy universal and complete!

We have no sympathy with the ecclesiastical assumptions which would substitute a creed for the Scriptures, and church for the Saviour.—Men may ask, to what church do you belong? but we will be content to reply, We believe in the Bible as the word of God. Thus we shall make a good confession; we shall exalt the only name that deserves it; each reference to it will be a corrective of our errors and a stimulus to our obedience, and God will acknowledge and reward us; for he never forgets his word, "Them that honor me, I will honor, they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." All the union thus acquired will be acceptable in heaven as it is beneficent on earth; all that cannot be thus obtained must be left as doubtful or bad. [London Baptist Magazine.

A THOUGHT.

Man out-grows his old systems, as the youth out-grows the garment of childhood, as the man out-grows the views and habits of his youth. Man, by nature, is still too great for his adopted creeds, and he must needs be cramped up to wear them. There are times when the soul of man becomes too deeply conscious of the insufficiency of barren, antique theories to continue its homage to them, and then it stands up in its native, independent strength, and lo! like the fabled statue of Olympian Jove, when it rose upon its feet and stretched forth its arms, the building falls, the walls crumble down, because the house is too small for its gigantic occupant. New denominations will spring out of the limitless progress of man; and it becomes the wise man to look calmly on the new phenomena and to ask searchingly for their meaning. But angry he will not be. [E. G. Holland.

It is very encouraging to read the accounts which we see, of efforts making in England for the education of the whole people. We published last week, from the Inquirer, Lord Morpeth's Speech at the opening of the Manchester Athenæum. We give below, from the same paper, a speech by Archbishop Whately at the public breakfast on the same occasion. Is it not getting to be true here, as the Archbishop intimates that it is in England, that our clerks and shopmen are having fewer advantages of education and greater dangers than others? The subject is one, which deserves to be very carefully considered now, before the evil has become fixed as a permanent chronic disease. We publish the speech of the Archbishop of Dublin, not because of its remarkable ability, but because it manifests a spirit honorable to himself, and arguing well for his influence upon society. If all bishops were such, we might almost be ready to join the Church.

THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM—PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

A public breakfast, given by the directors and managers of the Athenæum, in order to afford those from a distance an opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other, and the history and objects of the institution, took place on Thursday morning, at the Albion Hall, Piccadilly. Mark Philips, Esq., M. P., was in the chair. The meeting was addressed by Charles Mackay, Esq., William Chambers, Esq., Edinburgh, and other gentlemen.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin was one of the speakers. He said it would be superfluous to detain them with expressions of sympathy, because his presence here on this occasion expressed all that sufficiently—(applause). He certainly should not have left the very numerous and pressing calls he had upon his time in Dublin to come here for the purpose of looking at a mere raree-show, or attending a dance—(laughter.) He had thought it incumbent upon him to show the interest he had in every everything which concerned the diffusion of knowledge, and with that view he had great pleasure in attending the present proceedings, and he must say that, from everything he had seen, and everything he had heard in the inquiries he had made, he had no reason to repent; for everything had come up to the opinion he had formed of their institution—(applause). He need not say anything about his anxiety to promote education, because his life had been occupied in official or non-official efforts of that kind; but he must say that he thought it important in a town like this, that they should have an institution like the Athenæum. It might not be the warmest panegyric to pass upon them for having such an institution, but he would say that it not only did the town credit, but that the previous want of it did them great discredit—(hear, hear). He thought it incumbent on a town like this to see that the progress of knowledge kept pace with the progress of numbers and wealth; or it must follow that what had been a sufficient amount of knowledge or education for a small population, would be disgracefully small for one very much increased in that respect—(hear, hear). Of course he did no expect, nor should he ever suppose that an institution like this would furnish to its members a complete education. The members of such an institution were already engaged in professional pursuits of life, and he did not wish nor had they any means of giving their time to the going through a regular course of education such as was given at the universities; but considering that they had a good library, which afforded the means, to those who were desirous of it, of acquiring knowledge and of improving their minds, making up for what had been previously left imperfect in their education, he thought this institution a most valuable one. He was sorry to say that they were very deficient in this point in Ireland. They had been, till a late period, very deficient in the means of education generally, and though a great advancement had been made among the poorer classes, their system was still very incomplete. There had long been, as the company was aware, a university for the education of the upper classes, but it appeared to him that they were cultivating the highest and the lowest, and leaving the middle classes comparatively neglected—(hear). There was some provision for those who were to be brought up to the learned professions, and for those who belonged to the class of laborers and paupers; but for those who were to become clerks and shopmen, and apprentices, the despised class alluded to by a gentleman who had previously addressed the meeting—(a laugh), for those there was so great a deficiency of the means of education, that he was afraid the common laborers would surpass them. They wanted better schools for the middle classes, and institutions to furnish books, and for encouraging a taste for reading, as well as to supply lectures. He considered lectures without a library, and a library without lectures, a very imperfect means of conveying instruction. The means of access to lectures and books together furnished, he would not say a perfect education, but the best means perhaps that could be supplied to those whose main time was occupied in the pursuits by which they were to earn their living, and maintain their position in society—(hear, hear). He could suppose that there were many who thought it a crude sort of education, and that they did not pursue such a means of education under the best circumstances; he could undertake to say, that the means of education the Athenæum possessed might not be the best that could be bestowed upon those who looked for a learned education; but the question was, not whether it was the best, but whether the young men for whom it was designed should spend their time in card-playing and drinking or perhaps worse, or whether they should have some kind of mental culture—(hear, hear, and applause). With respect to the books with which the library was stored, he supposed they were well chosen; but as to the periodicals and newspapers on their tables, of course they took in those of all sects and parties. No doubt the person who had these before him had a vast quantity of trash. There was no kind of misrepresentation the public might not find in newspapers—(much laughter); but what would become of that individual who read only one kind of newspaper—(hear, hear hear)? He would become associated with some party clique, and his mind would become imbued with narrow sentiments; but if he had the whole, even if he did not choose wisely, he had at all events the best chance of doing so—(hear, hear). It was the will of Providence that men should be subject to good and evil, and because this earth was not heaven, men must not be left without hope. All that could be done by such an institution as this was to give light—(applause.) We ought to lay knowledge before their members, and if they made a bad use of it, they could not help it—(hear, hear). If they put it within the means of men to choose between good and evil, they pursued the system which the Almighty himself had pointed out. We must guide ourselves with the faculties he has endowed us with. We must say as the inspired prophet said, "Behold I have set before you, this day good and evil; now, therefore, choose the good"—(loud cheers).

The company broke up a little before twelve o'clock.

CONGRESS AT FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE, UPON THE SUBJECT OF PRISON DISCIPLINE.

We have received several communications from England and Germany, recounting the proceedings of this remarkable assembly, with a view to consider the best means of promoting reform in prisons and in penal law. The Congress was presided over by Mr. Mittermair of Heidelberg, the eminent professor of law, and one of the most remarkable jurists of the age. Among the other officers we notice Dr. Warrentroff, the author of the elaborate and searching review of the Reports of the Boston Prison Discipline. From a letter of Dr. Julius, [illegible] practical acquaintance with prisons is unsurpassed, we make the following extract, which gives a view of the action of the Congress.

BERLIN, 22d October, 1846.

The mentioned Congress has been held on the 28th, 29th and 30th September, at Frankfort, and its results having surpassed my most sanguine expectations, I send them in French herewith enclosed. You will find that we counted seventy-five members, whereof forty-six Germans, and twenty-nine foreigners, among whom there were six Englishmen, six Frenchmen, six Swedes and Norwegians, five Dutchmen, two Swiss, and one from Belgium, Denmark, Poland and the United States. (Mr. Dwight.) Among the Germans, there were eight Judges or Presidents of Tribunals, seven Professors of law at the Universities, six Superintendents of Prisons, five Chaplains of Prisons, six Physicians, five Advocates, four Members of Legislative bodies, &c. From abroad we saw in this Congress, four Chiefs of the administration of Prisons by governments, three Inspectors General of Prisons, some Presidents or Secretaries of Prison Societies, three Prison Architects, four Editors of Prison Journals, and on the whole, a mass of deep and thorough acquaintance with all subjects relating to Penal law and Prison discipline, such as never before has been concentrated on one spot. The lights brought together could illuminate all around them and build a fire and kindle a flame, brightening not merely those standing by it, but likewise, the whole civilized world on both sides of the Atlantic.

The eight Resolutions, seven of which were carried nearly unanimously, and one (the fourth) with a very great majority of more than two-thirds of the Assembly, are contained in the enclosed paper.

Mr. Dwight was likewise present. He spoke once, giving an account of what had been done by the Boston Prison Discipline Society, for the imprisoned and alienated among their citizens. It was remarked, and I must confess with truth, that in this account, he said with some ambiguity, that according to that system each prisoner had his own cell, without mentioning by one expression, whether the cells were merely for the night, or for day and night.

In a private conference Mr. Dwight had on the 9th of October, *in my presence*, with Dr. Varrentraff, he was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the exactness of this gentlemen's observations on the figures in his last Reports, which you have translated in the Law Reporter, and especially of the circumstance that there were *fifteen* erroneous figures in one small table.

Another highly remarkable circumstance is, that Mr. Dwight carries along with him, and showed me, a model plan of a prison. This plan consists of three wings for prisoners, three stories high, radiating from one central point or hall of Inspection, with cells on both sides of each wing, and *larger in cubic feet* than those at Pentonville, obviously for *day and night*, though there are to be found in this plan, next to the wings, workshops for prisoners. Nothing in the world has ever astonished me more than this plan, and I doubt whether any State in the world will ever agree to such a combination of the constructions and buildings of the Auburn and the Philadelphia systems. Its expenses must be enormous.

I send you this letter, *via* England, through the kindness of Mr. Whitworth Russell, who spoke admirably, and carried along with him at the meeting, the feelings of all the members, and of the numerous public, from the first classes of German society. This letter is dispatched in the moment I receive the enclosed paper, printed.

Next year we shall meet about the same time, at *Brussels*, and I hope we shall see you there with some other Americans. All the debates of the meeting will be immediately printed in two editions, one in German, the other in French. As soon as the French edition comes out I shall send it to you.

The moral impression made by the debates, and the Resolutions of the Congress, in Germany is immense, and I trust it will be the same case in America, as soon as you shall make it known.

Mr. Dwight who is mentioned in this letter, is the Secretary of the Boston Prison Discipline Society. He is now travelling in Europe as the agent of the Society. Other letters speak of his meeting with Dr. Varrentrapp, the German critic, and with Mr. Adshead, the English critic of his Reports. The work of the latter entitled "Prisons and Prisoners" contained severe imputations upon the accuracy and character of the Reports. This gentleman, we are informed, took the opportunity of stating before several members of the Congress, that he was prepared upon any platform either in Frankfort, or in London, before ten thousand people, to substantiate all that he had written and to retract nothing. Mr. Dwight did not accept a proposition to meet him in such a discussion. Mr. Rotch, the barrister and magistrate of England, took an interest in the proceedings, and was prepared to reply to Mr. Dwight in the event of his renewing in the Congress the prejudices which have unfortunately abounded in his reports.

This Congress may be regarded not only as an era in Prison Discipline, but in civilization. Such an assembly of good and learned men, drawn together from so many nations for an object so pure and philanthropic as the welfare of prisoners, is a welcome sign of the Humanity of our age.

We present a translation of the Resolutions adopted by the Congress. By the separate system is meant that system of Prison Discipline, which *separates* the prisoners absolutely from each other. It is substantially the system of Philadelphia. The oppostie system is called the Congregate or social. It is substantially the system of Auburn.

RESOLUTIONS.

1st. Persons suspected or accused, that is before trial, shall undergo separate or individual imprisonment, so that there can be no kind of communication between them, or between them and other prisoners, except where, on the demand of the prisoners themselves, the magistrates think proper to allow them intercourse to a certain extent, within limits determined by the law.

2d. Persons convicted should in general undergo separate imprisonment, with the aggravations and mitigations commanded by the nature of their offences and sentences, their character and conduct, in such a manner that each prisoner shall be occupied in useful labor, that he shall enjoy daily exercise in the open air, that he shall partake of the benefits of religious, moral and other instruction, and of religious exercises, that he shall receive regularly the visits of a minister of his persuasion, of the director, of the physician, and of members of the committees of inspection, besides other visits which may be allowed by the rules of the prison.

3d. The preceding resolution shall apply especially to imprisonment for short terms of time.

4th. Separate imprisonment shall be equally applicable to detentions for long terms; combining with it all the progressive mitigations compatible with the maintenance of the principle of separation.

5th. When the bodily or mental health of a prisoner shall require it, the government of the prison can submit the prisoner to such treatment as shall be judged proper, and even allow him the solace of constant society; without, however, in this case allowing him to meet other prisoners.

6th. The separate prisons should be constructed so that each prisoner can be present at the religious exercises, seeing and hearing the officiating clergyman, and being seen by him, but without interfering with the fundamental principle of the separation of the prisoners from each other.

7th. The imprisonment for the punishment of imprisonment in common (the Congregate System) should have, as an immediate consequence, the shortening of the terms of imprisonment, as they are determined by existing codes.

8th. The revision of penal legislation, the organization by law of an inspector of prisons, and of committees of overseers, and the establishment of a board of patronage for discharged convicts, should be considered as an indispensable part of Penitentiary reform.

NOTE.—The Resolutions, 1 to 3 and 5 to 8 were passed unanimously or nearly so; the 4th Resolution was passed by a very strong majority. [Whig.

HOLINESS.

"Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature, which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all, in like manner, opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of *creature* holiness that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit; and there was nothing I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this, to lie before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that

and with a mind otherwise well cultivated and excelling in the Belles Lettres Homiletic Departments, may for a time draw strongly upon the popular interests, and be regarded as a wonderful preacher; but that such a one can be permanently efficient in the ministry, is impossible. He cannot draw for his people a living stream from the wells of salvation; for however excellent may be the pump through which he draws, having sunk his shaft in but shallow waters, he will find ere long that his pump can draw only wind. And his great skill in constructing sermons will be as much misplaced, as the best hydraulic instrument in a well that is too shallow for its use. It is, therefore, a sad spectacle to see the mind of a young minister so disproportionately educated—seeking that which will regale the ear, to the neglect of that which is needful to sustain a permanent interest and an instructive ministry. Here, we think, is one cause of the failure of some ministers, who in the outset raise high expectations, and in a few years find that they have used up their materials and lost their hold upon their people. They had in the outset great skill in sermonizing, and as long as they had any thing to sermonize, they had rare power over their audience. But they never really studied theology, and so had only a superficial acquaintance with Christian doctrine; their well soon became dry, and all their power of sermonizing would not avail to convey knowledge which was not in them.

We think the prosperity of our churches is deeply concerned in this matter. If any misdemore popular accomplishments—if any demand for churches a superficial ministry—if the churches cease to demand in their ministers a thorough acquaintance with Christian doctrine, giving the preference to the more showy accomplishments, Ichabod will ere long be written upon their doors.

[Puritan.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 12, 1846.

CATECHISMS AND SUNDAY SCHOOL MANUALS AND READING BOOKS.

On this subject there are some valuable remarks in The Fourth Report of the Middlesex Sunday School Society by Rev. B. Frost. We know not how we can present this important subject to our readers so well as in Mr. Frost's own words. With respect to the use of Catechisms, he thinks with Mr. Niles of Lowell, that though there are serious objections to using them, yet, taking schools as they are, such books are a valuable help.

"To construct a catechism even for the youngest children, requires a profound knowledge of Christianity. In every branch of knowledge the great central truths of it, are the elementary truths. In mathematics, in government, in philosophy, there are a few elementary truths that are taught at the very outset to the youngest scholars, which yet lie at the bottom of it, and constitute its very essence. In every branch of knowledge and art these elements are the profoundest principles, the last to be discovered, and yet, when discovered, they are the simplest and the first to be taught. This is still more true in religion. What is more simple, rational and beautiful, than the great principles and hopes of Christianity? And these are its first elements. Why, the first principles of that subtile, theological, metaphysical system, called Calvinism, are all brought out in the Westminster Catechism in an elementary form for the smallest children, and sold at a penny a piece. Is it said that children do not understand it? I answer, they understand it as well as any body. The difficulty is not in the depths of its truths, but in the obscure abyss of its error. If it were an analysis of pure Christianity, bringing out its great central truths in an elementary form and in their true connexion, it would be the greatest, the most useful achievement of the human mind. But instead of this, it is a false system, distilled into this concentrated form, with its elementary principles so dove-tailed together, and associated with scripture phraseology and Christian sentiments, as to strike the mind even of a child with the appearance of truth. It is because that system has been thus wisely digested and skilfully taught from childhood, that it has spread and taken such hold on the mind. If by an analysis as deep, the fundamental truths of Christianity could be brought out into as clear a light, in as close connexion, and taught from childhood as vital truths, and associated in the mind, and experiences of the child with all that is holy and good, this would aid liberal Christianity more than any thing else. And let it not be thought a light work to make a catechism for little children. The Westminster catechism now sold for a cent a piece, and used even in infant schools, as well as in the highest schools, and which has done more to spread Calvinism than all other books put together, was the joint production of a hundred and twenty-one of the ablest divines of England, with thirty laymen, who spent several years in digesting a system of church government, worship, and doctrines. This little catechism, so far as doctrines are concerned, is the result of their labors. This is the reason it has lasted so long; while a thousand others have appeared and disappeared like bubbles. It *embodied* the popular faith in a masterly manner. And by teaching the first principles of it to children, and associating it with all that is sacred in the religious experiences of the soul, it has been perpetuated. If all the master minds of the Unitarian world, by a conference long and deep, could bring out the great central truths of our faith in an elementary form, and present them in as simple and concentrated a form, and they could be taught as *truths* from childhood and unfolded as the mind grew, and associated with all that is sacred in the soul's experience, this would give them a hold on the *minds* as well as hearts of the people. But this is not likely to be done. Catechisms are made now-a-days in a very different way. They come up like Jonah's gourd in a night. There is but little time or thought, and that of a single mind expended upon any one of them. The views of Christian truth they present are superficial, discordant, and disconnected; and hence, no specific *truth* is fixed in the mind by religious education. Other denominations teach their children their specific views, and the reasons for them. We are so afraid of Creeds, that we shrink from embodying our faith in any appreciable form. Hence, many who have grown up in our Sunday schools and go out into the world, have no distinct views of Christian truth. A young man, who had been through one of the best schools in this Society, at nineteen years of age went from home into business. He fell among Orthodox people. He wrote home to his mother that he found himself in difficulty. He did not understand our views and the reasons of them; I fear there are too many such cases. It is a reproach to us. It is the duty of every Christian and every denomination to teach their children distinct views of Christian truth. Of course, they must teach them such views as they have. What we have complained of in other denominations, is not that they have done this; but that they have excluded every one from salvation, who has not received them just as *they* do. While we teach our views clearly and positively, we must allow and encourage independent thought and judgment in the child. But still we must teach clearly and positively what we believe truth. No human opinions represent pure truth. Still, some are purer than others, and it is important that these should be taught. It is better that truth mixed with much error should be fixed in the mind, than that *no truth* should be.

With respect to the different text books now in use, Mr. Frost says,

"Allen's Questions have enjoyed the widest circulation. They were suggested by the Union Questions, and formed on the same plan. The first volume gives "a connected history of the principal events recorded by the Four Evangelists, arranged in chronological order." The second volume comprises the doctrines and precepts of the New Testament. The third volume is on Acts, combining the narrative and doctrines. In this way the "Union Questions," and the Massachusetts (Orthodox) Sabbath School Society's Question Books go over almost every book in the Bible. Of course all denominations arrange the questions so as to sustain and bring out their own views of Scripture truth. Newcombe, author of the latter series of Questions, says: "In regard to Catechisms for small children, the true course is to seize on the strong points of Scripture truth, so as to give the leading facts necessary to an apprehension of the first principles of the Christian religion." Allen says: "The author has endeavored to construct the Questions so as to elicit, or to suggest the meaning of the more difficult texts." This means, that all so arrange the questions as to teach their own views of Scripture most effectually. The Orthodox present their views in a more condensed, definite form, and make every part of Scripture bear upon them. They teach positively, and make everlasting consequences depend upon receiving their views. We teach more desultorily, speculate more, allow more for difference of opinion; our teachers differ in opinion more, and hence our truth comes with less point and sanction, and of course, effect. The fault of Allen's Questions is, they are too desultory, too little connected, too general for practical effect. This is more or less so with all our Manuals. They have, however, done a good work, and we are under great obligations to their authors. Parallel with Allen's First Part, is Fox's Ministry of Christ. It contains a connected narrative of the life of Christ, in which the different Evangelists are brought together in harmony, so as to form a complete narrative. The Questions, I think, are better than in any other Manual I have seen. They have this excellence. The answer is not found in any short phrase, which may be given without understanding the passage, but is implied, and can be given only by understanding the passage. This book is found in many of our schools, and I think it the best for the history of Christ's life.

For a somewhat systematic view of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, I think the Catechism of Rev. Ephraim Peabody, is the best. Under the heads of the principal doctrines and duties of Christianity, he has arranged a sufficient number of texts to show what the Bible teaches on this subject. To use the author's own words: "The student, who attentively considers these passages, whatever other doubts he may have, will have no doubts as to what the doctrine of Christianity is. If he believe the words of Christ, he will be able to come to some settled and distinct faith." His faith will then rest on Revelation, he will have the different passages in his mind, and they will help to interpret each other. It is used in several schools, and spoken of with warm approval by the teachers.

"Lessons on the Parables of the Savior," by Rev. F. D. Huntington. "My main object," says the author, "has been to apply the practical doctrines of Christ, illustrated as they are with peculiar power in the parables,—Repentance, Trust, Purity, Fidelity, Self-control, Truthfulness, Justice, Mercy, Devotion, Love,—to apply these, with all possible simplicity, to the hearts of the young." It is the testimony of those who have used this book, that the author has fully succeeded in his object, and that this is a valuable addition to our Sunday School Manuals.

I think "Wayland's Moral Science" is an excellent and interesting text book for advanced classes. I am confirmed in this impression by several able teachers who have used it.

But time fails me to enumerate, much less to criticise all the Manuals now before us. Many of them are excellent, and they have done a good work. But we need a more condensed, systematic, and practical series, carrying a scholar on from the infant class through a complete religious education. To prepare such a series would require the combined talents, learning, and piety of many of our best minds, and it could not fail to be of signal service to any teacher, however able."

Our Sunday School Libraries are hardly less important than the text books that are used. And yet they are often so badly selected, that we have sometimes thought it would be better to burn them all, than to use them as they now are. We question very much the utility of having so many books as most of our Sunday Schools have. We do not believe it is well for children's minds to be distracted by so great a variety. They thus almost of necessity acquire the habit of careless and hasty reading. And many of the books are nothing more than little novels and generate the taste for that kind of reading, which however pleasant as a rare diversion, is always unhealthy when carried to any great extent by the young. We have our doubts in respect to many of the works on Natural History and Science which are put into hands of children, with just facts enough to allay their curiosity, but not enough to furnish any valuable instruction. Such a smattering of knowledge is always bad. But the remarks of the Report are better than any that we can furnish.

"I have dwelt so long on the Manuals, that I can say but a few words on the reading books. There are many complaints made against them in the Reports of Superintendents. Rev. Mr. Whitney of Brighton, says: "Certainly many books have crept into our Libraries, more a few years since than lately, very unsuitable for promoting the true Sabbath school object. They fail to leave any distinct moral and religious impressions. We have just been revising our Library, casting out some, and adding others." The Superintendent of Cambridgeport school says: "We regret to say, that a majority of our books are not so positively good, as to make much impression upon the minds and hearts of readers." The Superintendent of Waltham, Rev. Mr. Hill, says: "There is no greater evil connected with our Sunday schools, than the indiscriminate additions made to the Libraries. I have looked the Library all over, and cast out some twenty books; some, because they were decidedly and hopelessly Calvinistic; some, because they belonged to the Satanic school in Literature, too full of crime and unnatural interest."

There is a difference of opinion as to the books to be admitted into a Sunday School Library. Some say none but those of a decidedly moral and religious character should be admitted; others, all good books that are desirable for children to read. The Superintendent of Lincoln says: "I think that pleasing and instructive books in the different departments of literature should be furnished in the Sunday School Library." His reasons are briefly these. 1. First, these Libraries furnish the only reading of a majority of children. 2. A taste for reading, so important to a good character, is more likely to be acquired from books on a variety of subjects. 3. A love of amusement is natural and should be gratified, and directed in a good channel. 4. It will give knowledge, and exercise the judgment and taste, and thus become the handmaid of virtue."

A teacher in Concord, writes: "Many of our books are written in the style of, and abound in, the highly wrought scenes of our popular novels, wanting almost entirely those elements and principles which should form a component part in all books used in a Sabbath school. There is a morbid taste and sentimentalism among our young people, both in the Sabbath school and out, that ought never to be gratified by anything found within the corners of a Sunday School Library book. Let the child find there what, perhaps, he does not elsewhere, the means of religious culture."

Rev. Mr. Hill says: "No book is good for a Sunday school, if it does not teach pure and high truth, without sensible admixture of error; or wake pure and high emotions, without sensible admixture of sentimentality. And even of good books, 20 are better than 100. Were I empowered to make the change, I would not have more than 150 books in the Child's Library; 20 for those under 8, 30 for those between 7 and 13, 40 for those between 12 and 16, and 60 for those between 15 and 20. If these 150 were well selected, it were far better to confine the child to them, than to give the choice from 600; better for a child to read "the Love Token" over twenty times, than to read twenty such books as "Masterman Ready," or "Mrs. Hofland's Tales." Better *learn* one lesson, than read five thousand." In order to make such a selection, I have laid the knowledge of this society under contribution. I have asked each school to send me a list of at least fifty books which they regarded as the best. Only six schools have sent in lists. From these, I have made a list of fifty; placing first those approved by the greatest number, and so on. Only one book was found in every list, "The Formation of the Christian Character"; fourteen were found in three lists and more; all the rest were found in two lists and more. These lists were formed sometimes by a single individual, sometimes by two or three. These lists are not so valuable as they might be. If in each school every teacher would put down every book known to be good, and the Superintendent would make his list out of those having the greatest number of votes, we should then get the opinion of every teacher, and embody the knowledge of the whole society on the subject of books. A book that has made a strong moral or religious impression on at least three minds, must have some merit. A list of two or three hundred books selected in this manner would be valuable. It would embrace all the best books now published. The list of fifty selected in this manner are subjoined."

MR. UPJOHN.

Mr. Upjohn's refusal to build a Unitarian Church has attracted a great deal more attention than it deserves. We would respect the real scruples of conscience in every case, however trifling. What we disapprove of in Mr. Upjohn, is not so much his refusing to furnish a plan, as the sudden change in his views.—While in Boston he not only made no objections, but examined the lot, and seemed pleased with the idea of building a handsome Church upon it. But on returning to New York, a sudden change came over him. Why was this? Is it uncharitable to suppose that it was through the influence of others over him? We copy a few sentences from the Christian Inquirer, which, it seems to us, sets the matter on its true ground:

If a man who has not been specially scrupulous hitherto, who has designed Unitarian Churches, who has endeavored to obtain contracts for others, and whom no one has hitherto supposed to entertain any other than the ordinary views of his professional obligations, suddenly pleads conscience, and declines as an Episcopalian to build a Unitarian Church, thus making himself the partisan of an affluent and church-building sect, he exposes himself to the suspicion of hypocrisy; and unless Christian charity utterly exterminates all sense of the ludicrous, and all ordinary discrimination, he will be suspected and laughed at! Mr. Upjohn had a perfect right to decline the invitation of the Unitarian Society; but it was gratuitous insolence to give the reason he did for so doing. Even if it were the real one, it was unnecessary and unbecoming in him to offer it; and if not the real one, it was something worse. It is not the first time that insult has claimed the name and praise of candor.

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The truth is, the public will not sustain the Episcopal, or any other Church, in making disputed and theoretical articles of faith, whether in respect to the Trinity or the mode of Baptism, the ground of social, business, or Christian intercourse. They are not interested in the logomachies or scholastic disputes of theologians by profession; and even in regard to theoretical opinions of *real* importance, but which do not involve morality and order, they will not allow them, without ridicule and rebuke, to influence the ordinary dealings and intercourse of one. If we are to have Episcopal architects and Presbyterian architects and Congregational architects, we may have Episcopal, Presbyterian or Congregational carpenters and plasterers; and the Unitarian who goes into an Episcopal community, may not find a mechanic who will do a day's work for him, though to shelter him from cold. Why may not the butcher and baker and milkman refuse to serve Unitarian customers, particularly clergymen, on the score of being unwilling to support the Unitarian cause! which must certainly decline if its advocates and supporters are starved, or even compelled to leave a community that insults or prosecutes them!—And why should Anti-Arian speak so softly of other sects, as if there had been no fundamental dispute between them as to the efficacy of the sacraments administered by unauthorized hands! Must not Mr. Upjohn repent him of building the Church of the Pilgrims, (not because it tumbled in, but) because of its heresy! And all other denominations interested in withstanding proscription on the doctrinal grounds, and the introduction of sectarian strife and animosity into the ordinary course of life? If Mr. Upjohn does not refund straightway every dollar he has received from the profane hands of Unitarians or other heritics, we shall think his conscience a very convenient one.

EVILS OF TRADE.

Merchants, as a class, are equal and in some respects, probably, superior to any other class; their average character is as elevated as that of the members of other professions, and they have fine traits which are their own, peculiarly and distinctively. We make this remark, in order that we may not be charged in what we are about to say, with bringing indiscriminate accusations and uttering wholesale, unqualified abuse of a very respectable body of citizens.

When preachers or philanthropists intimate that in mercantile pursuits as now conducted there are grave moral dangers—that in some respects the system of trade is a vicious system—built on wrong and sustaining wrong—they are not unfrequently told they know nothing of the matter, and had better let such subjects alone and attend to those they can understand. Sometimes, perhaps, this rough sort of advice may be well; but, of course, it cannot mean that preachers and those interested in improving the morals of the community, should shut their eyes to ugly *facts* "furnished by those who know." To a brace of such facts we wish to ask a moments attention.

A letter recently appeared in the Mercantile Journal and other papers, suggesting and recommending an admirable plan for naval schools to improve the commercial marine. Incidentally and for the purpose of explaining the necessity and showing the feasibility of the proposed plan, certain statements were made deserving notice: statements which go to show that the system of trade is not quite so perfect, as to make any comments upon its evils libellous, even, if they should happen to come from those who are not "practical men" or be expressed in general terms, implying that *peculiar* temptations are on "change," as well as in every other department of life. The first statement we refer to is this:—

"The law of the land requires that two thirds of the crew shall consist of Americans, and the law is generally complied with—that is to say, the necessary proportion of *American protections are produced at the Custom House*, and the forms of law are complied with. It is also well known that in every ship's crew, there are some who, for the first time, pass by a given name; and if a critical examination were to be made of the crew, strange discrepancies would be found to exist between the men and their descriptions as laid down in the protections. At the first start most of the men *know their names*, but it not unfrequently happens at the termination of a voyage that when the roll is called, several refuse to respond, for the very good reason that they have *forgotten their American names!*

Protections are regularly bought and sold; they are so easily obtained by those who have any real claim to citizenship, that *they* do not hesitate to part with them at an advance on the cost at the Custom House, (25 cts, I believe,) whenever an opportunity offers of thus readily making an American citizen, for the accommodation of the landlord who wishes to ship off some lately imported fellow, who can scarcely make himself understood in English.

The above facts are so familiar to every merchant and ship-master, that it is not necessary to dwell on them; &c., &c.,"

No remark is necessary here. The story tells itself. In the whole business of enlisting seamen there is an acknowledged evasion of the law; regular lying, while nobody who is concerned deems it to be wrong and about which there is no concealment. Can a system which contains such an element be perfectly sound!—And is it slander to say such a system is not favorable to the strictest integrity!

But the other statement is worse still,—leads to startling and horrible inferences. Speaking of suitable places for the institution he recommends, the writer of the letter, says:—

"These schools may consist very properly of merchant ships which may be only fit to '*sell to the underwriters*;' ships which are no longer fit to go to sea, and yet too good to be broken up. It may be said, 'there are none such to be had: *who ever heard of a ship being laid on the shelf from sheer old age?*' *It is too true that nineteen in twenty, perhaps a much larger proportion of our merchant ships, are cast on shore and with their crews come to anuntimely end; or are swallowed up and never heard of more; or are abandoned at sea in a sinking condition, and are paid for by the underwriters or to speak more justly by general subscription and consent of merchants, in premiums! It will not be denied that it is very rare indeed to see a merchant ship broken up or condemned at home for incompetency.*"

Now what do the phrases which we have italicised mean? What conclusions are to be drawn from them? Are human beings sent out on the mighty deep in vessels more than suspected of being unseaworthy? Is this risk of committing murder a part of the commercial system? Are poor seamen thus betrayed to their watery graves? Are underwriters thus cheated? If these statements are true, then a very heavy sin lies this day at the door of the system of trade; and there is reason for uttering in the ears of that system the commandment "*Thou shalt not kill.*" The morals of trade certainly need and greatly need a reformation, if nothing worse is true of them than what appears in these extracts.

The letter in which we have found these sad hints, is worthy the attention of the mercantile community; and the writer deserves thanks for his excellent suggestions for improving the condition and elevating to higher respectability the vocation of a most interesting, brave-hearted and generous class of men—men who with all their frailties, have some virtues of which landsmen cannot boast.

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HYMNS AND SACRED POETRY. IV.

It is not easy to say exactly what we mean by a Christian hymn, or to define the exact boundary between the spirit of those which should, and those which should not, be admitted into a collection for the purposes of worship. And yet there is a boundary between a song and a hymn. Take the two following, which come together in the Cheshire Hymn Book, the former by Thomas Moore, the latter from the Christian Psalmist.

The dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, nor flies,
Where idle warblers roam;—
But high she shoots through air and light.
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her ray.

So grant me, Lord from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee:—
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

What must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these earthly plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our hearts no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light
And all his works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine!

This is the heaven I long to know;
For this, with patience I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm and wear my crown,
And, with the elders cast them down.

We should not wonder if some of our readers should pronounce the first of these, the better hymn of the two, but to our mind it is no hymn at all, while the latter is one of the very best in the language. To be sure, nothing can exceed the smoothness of Moore's lines, but there is a prettiness of conceit in the whole structure, which though it may please a sort of religious sentimentality, that is only too common among us, unfits us for the serious purposes of worship. But the other enters into the very soul of worship. It does not merely paint something outside, but carries us up as by the swelling tide of devotion.

Take two other hymns of an entirely different character. The first is a paraphrase from Schiller.

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven forever true,
Within man's heart remain;
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,—
But prompts again to deed.
And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears,—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond.
Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

Compare this with Cowper's hymn:—

Hear what God, the Lord hath spoken,
O my people faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

We do not copy the entire hymn, because we hope that all our readers are able to repeat it for themselves. The object of these two hymns is nearly the same; to comfort those who are tried by the vicissitudes of life. But what a heaven-wide difference between the two. The one talks easily and prettily about things. It is a fine vein of sentiment, with which to amuse the fancy; but the other lays hold of the promises of God, and brings them before us, not as objects of fancy, but as great and blissful realities.

The same distinction holds between the two following:

Say not the law divine
Is hidden from thee, or afar removed;
That law within would shine,
If there its glorious light were sought and loved.

Soar not so high,
Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth.
That vaulted sky
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark
In search thereof upon a shoreless sea,
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam
In search of that which wandering cannot win.
At home! at home!
That word is placed, thy very heart within.

O! seek it there,
Turn to its teachings with devoted will;
Watch unto prayer,
And in the power of faith this law fulfil.

Thou hidden love of God whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seemed fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee:
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with me thy love to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

We do not object to the first, as a pleasing scrap of fugitive poetry. But to have it placed as we find it in a hymn-book, to form a part of the devotions of the sanctuary, and be received into the soul as a part of the provision which we are making for eternity,—this we must object to. Viewed in this light it vanishes like foam. But in the latter there is a deep and solemn earnestness, befitting both the subject and the occasion. We are not amused or pleased, but inwardly moved, and inspired with religious emotions and convictions.

We have dwelt on this point longer than we otherwise should, because there is a little disposition among some of the younger members of our denomination, to mistake sentiment for devotion; and to substitute a sort of Esthetic culture and worship for the service and worship of God. Even the Cheshire Collection, excellent as it certainly is in most respects, has a few pieces which we would rather hear as songs in the drawing room, than as hymns in the Sanctuary. Mr Fox, in his collection of *Hymns and Anthems* to which we have so often referred has excluded almost all of our best christian hymns, and introduced in their place many, which would be more suitable to the followers of Plato than the disciples of Christ. And the collection that we reviewed last week has something of the same defect.

We close these remarks with what seems to us a truly Christian Hymn from a Methodist Hymn Book. It has not that we know of, been admitted into any of our collections; but is one of a class in which the Methodists abound more than any other Christian denomination, and of which not a few have been allowed to enrich our best Hymn-Books.

The praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart!
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart!
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest!
Appear—and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest!

Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize,
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.
Suffered no more to rove,
O'er all the world abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God!

For the Register.

PROVIDENCE.

[Extracted from a Lecture given by E. G. Holland.]

I ask your attention to another field of thought, in which the same truth blossoms in your view, namely, that the natural precedes the spiritual in all human progress. Look into the acts of men, into the events of time. The child, at first, learning a lesson from frequent falls, and crying at the sight of the crimson drops which follow the careless incision of its delicate hand, sees not that these evils are teachers of wisdom. He knows the vexation, he feels the pain, but this is all. Thus, too, when our eyes open upon the world, we see events by themselves. They are single. They are nothing but events happening here and there. Man dies, an institution falls, a throne is built. These are seen merely as events that are. To some even now, there is no Providence, no law by which events are formed, no God over human affairs. The world to them is systemless, being full of unmeaning facts and accidents. It is only a storehouse of details, meaning no more than gravel stones on the sea beach. Strange indeed that this view should overcloud the minds of any who live in a world where not even a drop of rain falls to the ground without forming itself according to law.

But the views do not ordinarily remain single. The truth appears, like the dawn of day, that there is a Divine Providence, that all the acts of time are connected, that even the selfish doings of man, in the performance of which he knows only himself, that these, like the needle to the north star, vibrate in obedience to a Power that he knew not of. If we will not see, God is present in the world of circumstance, as truly as in the seasons or the planetary movements. There is a law which all the ages have obeyed. Nature and Providence doubtless have the same general end, being but different modes of accomplishing the purposes of infinite love. To each there are unchanging laws, which equally and alike, are but the chosen modes of divine action. Is not God in history as well as in Nature? If the ocean, the mount, the storm, the landscape, with each point in nature reveal the divinity, so from the events of time, rays of heavenly wisdom come, like the mingling light of a thousand stars. As in Providence two agencies mingle, the human and divine, so by it, are the constantly unfolding revelations of God and man. Man is the visible actor; he displays himself in all his phases—in nobleness and meanness, in heroism and cowardice, in weakness and vigor of soul,—in his many virtues, imperfections and sins. The volume of Providence reveals man, shows his designs in bold relief, which revelation is more readily known, since man is the visible actor.

But the highest idea is to see God revealed in history, to feel his presence in the world, to see that over and above all that man designs and thinks, an invisible being works, that his wide influence is spread over all things, from the smallest event to the Empire's fall,—that by it, good is not only prompted and blessed, but evil restrained, defeated, punished;—and against the will of transgressors, transgression like the dead things of nature dissolving, is subordinated to ends of life. This lesson is ever given, and in substance has ever been the hope of good men in trial, the fear of triumphant, and the full solution of the problem why the way of transgression is hard.

The action of God through providence, like his action through nature, displays the grand variety. Were nature only a calm day of playful golden sunbeams, who would be satisfied? Were these great mountains, huge rocks, roaring cataracts, and wilderness solitudes, all reduced to one beautiful landscape, who, in the midst of such scenes would suppose the condition improved? He would soon long for the former wildness, greatness, and inequality, which spoke with power to the soul. Would we in our love of pleasant things exclude the terrific storm from nature, and say, let thunders no more rock the mountains, nor fill the earth with dread? Would we ask Nature never again to put on the dark embroidery of storm? This we would not if we could. For the storm passed by, and the drenched earth still bears the lilly, and the pleasant things are unharmed. In the world of events, circled by the divine control, who would ask for only pleasant things? Who would exclude the storm from its atmosphere and reduce the whole world to a smile, to a glow of pleasure? 'Tis well that man cannot re-make nature, and equally well that the dominion of his will is subjected to a greater. It is good that nations have died, that empires have fallen, that mighty agents have swept away powerful systems and associations. Power and grandeur are here, as well as the tender bloomings of ever welcome flowers. All are needful. How much also we owe to Providence! In vain almost would men read on the inspired page, that God and the eternal principles are against wrong, unless the past and the present were full of actual retributions declaring the final supremacy of right.

As the general includes the particular, so are all particular providences parts of the general. Faith in the divine reign, is a natural growth from the soil of human experience, from the ground of the human heart. It is interesting to see, that in all nations the light of Heaven has fallen upon it and it has grown. I would not seek to scatter its many clouds nor to unravel its darkly inwoven harmonies. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, too unattainable by all. But God has allowed you and me, to see and to experience enough of human life to attain the deep conviction that the divine power rests down upon human life and destiny; and with a little induction, that his unseen hand moves along upon the wild heap of time, causing its never broken strings to give myriad notes of harmony. To us life and death are discordant sounds, but in the arrangements of all seeing love, may they not be, nay, are they not equally accordant parts of the great eternal anthem? We only hear a *few* of the tones. Could we hear *all*, the discords would be less.

But important and spiritual as is the view of providence, it is not the first lesson. It comes through deep experience and expanded observation. It comes with the soul's more spiritual development, it comes as the lesson of ages. As nature is first seen by man, as merely physical; as the sun, the star, the hill, the ocean, are first known as mere visible objects, and afterwards are perceived to be quickened by the presence of God, whose goodness they affirm, so, in the world of circumstance, events are first seen by themselves and afterward as subject to divine rule, as subordinate to law, as indicative of the parental presence of him, who is over all blessed forever. Then, history is no longer a dead letter, life is no longer an accidental growth, but God and humanity are ever leaving their likeness in time, ever speaking a word of hope to human sadness. Then a current of spirituality is seen to flow beneath the endless series of circumstance which it bears upon its bosom. "Happy are they who trust in thee." And in view of the progress which has brought you up to this eminence of faith, I ask, has it not been, "*First* that which is natural, *afterward* that which is spiritual!"

For the Register.

[Translated from the French by a boy thirteen years of age.]

THE TRUE GOD.

A very pious young Christian was neighbor to a Pagan to whom he daily repeated these words; "There is only one living God the creator of heaven and earth; it is his power which causes the vast quantities of light to shoot forth, and he spreads the blessed dew. He knows all our actions and thoughts, and our prayers have no force except when raised towards him. He alone can punish men or recompense them; he can open to them the celestial gates or cast them down to hell. These idols, before which you prostrate yourself, have not the power of seeing and hearing, therefore it is an error to fear or invoke them." Notwithstanding these wise words the Pagan still persisted in his blindness. One day he went to the country-seat of a friend, and during his absence, the young Christian, yielding to a divine inspiration, destroyed all the idols, except the largest in whose hands he placed a large stick, and then went home. The Pagan having returned, entered furiously and exclaimed,—

"Who is the author of this outrage?"

"How!" answered the young Christian,—"Do you not believe that your great idol, so much stronger than the rest, has easily torn them to pieces?"

"No," replied the Pagan. "During the many years I have had them in my house they have not moved an atom. No indeed! you try to impose upon me, it is you yourself who by malice have broken all my Gods. This stick shall avenge me for your audacity."

"Why this anger," asked the young Christian, without appearing moved? "If you acknowledge your idol, made of clay, to have less power than I, a simple child, how can it be the Supreme Being?"

The Pagan, struck with wonder, remained silent. After a moment's reflection, he overturned the remaining idol and prostrated himself, for the first time, to adore the God of the Christians.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—Upon a recent visiting excursion to Connecticut, I had, I was going to say, the pleasure, but with me there is no pleasure in hearing the scripture perverted. I, however, had an unexpected opportunity, by the way of the ordinary exchanges among clergymen, of hearing a preacher that I formerly knew; but whom I had not heard for some 35 years. He is now eighty years old or upwards; but appeared with all the bodily and mental vigor of earlier manhood.

The two sermons he preached on the occasion, I presume, were written many years ago, as they savored of that kind of Orthodoxy that obtained before Unitarians entered the field of liberal controversy, and lopped off many of its more objectionable features. The preacher, however, seemed too tenacious of first impressions, to let go or modify, what he at first learned as the true faith. Here he was right; providing, after a thorough investigation of the platform, he saw nothing wrong in it.

He was engaged a part of the day in speaking of distinctions between a state of nature and a state of grace. In this I found he held to the old doctrine, that we all by *nature find ourselves* "under the wrath of a curse of God." His words, as near as I can recollect them, were the following. "God looks upon *souls* dead in sin, with greater abhorance than we do upon the putrifying *bodies* of the dead." Such language is very unlike that of the Apostle when he spake of the "great love with which God loved us while we are now yet dead in sin." Indeed the preacher seemed to have changed the phraseology of scripture altogether; and would make it speak of the "great hatred with which God hated us while we were yet dead in sin." This, it would seem, was ascribing attributes to the Deity, wholly at variance with what was said of him by his Son our Savior; and inconsistent with his *parental* character as the great Father of our race. Can it be possible that the Almighty should pronounce this vast universe which he had made (man excepted) "all very good." And that man, the last work that came forth from the hands of his Maker, made too in his own moral image, should have been pronounced "very bad,"—"hated" on account of his imperfections and errors, by the Author of his being!

In the other part of the day the preacher in his discourse took occasion to speak of true and false believers as the antagonists of each other. The true believers were of course those of his own mood of faith. Those were "the righteous." Among the unrighteous were the "selfrighteous, such as Unitarians, Universalists and the like."

Now, Mr. Editor, I verily think that men in the pulpit, especially aged divines, should be a little more charitable, a little more scriptural, a little more Christ-like in their asseverations.—They are, I think, a little too apt to take advantage of time and place, and compel their hearers "against the stomach of their sense," to listen to "instruction that causes to err from the words of knowledge," instead of the unadulterated truth of the text. It is, however, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," the scales of prejudice and intolerance may fall from such a preacher's eyes before he leaves this world, that he may be the better prepared to meet with Christians of other denominations in the next.

Yours respectfully, S. D.

Easton, Mass. Nov. 4th, 1846.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. HENRIETTA SHUCK, FIRST MISSIONARY TO CHINA. By J. B. Jeter.

We have read this book with unusual interest. Not that it would rank high as a literary production. But it brings before us the life of a simple, self-denying and devoted woman, who, before she was eighteen, sailed, as the wife of a Missionary for China, and whose faith lost nothing of its power when her labors had lost their novelty. For nine years amid the pressure of many cares, always in feeble health and often violently sick, she lost nothing of her interest in the cause, and was glad to spend all that she had, even life itself, in the service of her master.—In reading such a book, we feel how the distinctions of sect melt away in the fervor of a genuine devotion. She was a Baptist and attached great importance to immersion, she believed also that all who die without the knowledge of Christ here, go into everlasting woe—enough to cloud with perpetual gloom one living in a land containing three hundred millions of heathens. But this only stimulated her to more zealous efforts in their behalf, and she died, as she had lived, full in the faith, that Christians have a great work to perform for those sitting in this region and shadow of death. And who shall say that in this she was not right! We hope hereafter to give a more extended notice of her life.

FACT AND FICTION. A Collection of Stories, by L. Maria Child.

Most of our readers will ask no other recommendation for this book, than the author's name. It is marked by her peculiar excellences, which are many and great, and by her defects. They show her ability and her trusting warmth of affection. There are many passages to call forth tears, and some of the stories have an excellent practical bearing. The Neighbor-in-Law, which we published a few weeks since, is admirable. But Mrs. Child is, we think, a little extravagant in her romantic attachments. Her interest in those who suffer makes her too lenient to their faults. There is a great difference between tenderness towards one who has committed some great offence, and tenderness towards the wrong-doing—a distinction which Mrs. Child in the fulness of her emotions, is sometimes led to overlook. There are passages which we cannot but think objectionable in a moral point of view. For example,—"He could not but be fascinated with her budding loveliness; and alone as she was in the world, she was naturally prone to listen to the first words of warm affection she had heard since her father's death. What followed is the old story, which will continue to be told as long as there are human passions and human laws." We cannot think this a true or healthful way of viewing such an offence. And must not its influence be bad! Is it not putting a powerful weapon of destruction into the hands of any artful man who might choose to employ it. Once let the young feel, as this would seem to imply, that *human laws* in these matters are tyrannical, and add, what is but another part of

the same doctrine, that the restraints of public opinion are also unjust, and you take away at the same time the moral distinctions which give them force, and which, in turn, are strengthened by them. So far, therefore, we think the influence of Mrs. Child's later writings bad. But we never read them without feeling their power also for good, moving us, as they do, by their high tone and generous enthusiasm.

MITCHELL'S SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. Revised Edition. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

We have not had time to examine this work so thoroughly as we should wish, before giving an opinion respecting it. Our impressions of it are favorable, and we have no doubt that a correspondent tells only the truth when he says of it:

"Since it was first issued, many discoveries have been made in natural changes in political geography, in various parts of the world, but particularly on our own continent, and the most authentic accounts of these were employed in constructing the new maps in the atlas, and in making additions to and corrections in the volume before us."

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

We are glad at all times to call the attention of our readers to this very entertaining Magazine, for which Crosby & Nichols are the agents here. It contains a rich store of attractive matter.

HAROLD AND ROSALINE, WITH OTHER POEMS. By Albert Perry.

The author tells us that these poems were written only as a recreation. As the refined amusement of a man occupied by more serious matters they are creditable to his taste, and will doubtless be valued by his friends as a pleasant memorial of the writer. Beyond this we do not know as we have much to say in their favor. The principal poem has considerable spirit, but we dare not call it living, enduring poetry.

Prof. Bush has just published a Book on "the relation of the developments of Mesmerism to the doctrines and disclosures of Swedenborg." We hope in a week or two to give an extended review of it.

SCENES IN THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES. Edited by H. Hastings Weld. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 8vo, pp. 240.

We very readily endorse what is said below from the Presbyterian:—

"This beautiful volume is evidently a harbinger of that season of the year, one of the very pleasant features of which is the presentation of souvenirs. The exterior is novel and beautiful; the typography is in the highest style of the art, the engravings, nine in number, are among the best efforts of Mr. Sartain, whose reputation in his peculiar department is so high; the prose articles contributed by the editor, are well written, and the poetical selections are generally of high character. The volume is a worthy companion of "Scenes in the Life of the Savior," and both are much more worthy of Christian patronage than the great mass of annuals."

SCHOOLS FOR ADULTS.

This subject has come up before the School Committee of this city; and from the debate which occured last week, we extract the speech of Geo. S. Hillard Esq., as reported in the Advertiser. In some of our smaller commercial towns, provision for the removal of adult ignorance is almost as necessary as in our cities.

Mr. HILLARD spoke in favor of the measure. The interest felt and expressed in the subject showed that a favorable time for action had arrived. The establishment of adult schools was a further extension of those principles of brotherhood, of that recognition of the claims of humanity, which honorably marked the age. First the child was educated. Then humanity went farther and established infant schools, for beings too young for books. And now another step was taken. The man was to be taught. Good men in Europe and America were extending to the adult the food of knowledge. The war against ignorance, like that against intemperance, war, and evil of all kinds, flowed from one common source, respect for man as man.

We have peculiar reasons too for educating the people. We have a certain system of government, certain peculiar institutions on trial here. They can never be fairly tried unless the people be intelligent; until the people be educated up to a commensurate level with our institutions. The defect with all popular forms of government, which have been heretofore tried, was that there was a chasm between the people and their institutions. They fell apart when any external pressure was applied.

It is said we cannot educate all the ignorant adults. Well; be it so. Is that any reason why we should not educate all that we can? We cannot reach the hardened offender. True; but then there is a class of men who occupy a sort of border land, between crime and no crime. They may be rescued by timely aid; by taking away the temptation of ignorance. The great blessing of such help is that it is an expression of sympathy. We hold out to them a brother's hand. We say to them that we recognize the claims of a common humanity. Those coarse features, dull faces, and that squalid attire plead to us silently but eloquently. They say to us, "we are your brothers and children of the same Heavenly Father; make us worthy of your companionship; deny us not a portion of a common inheritance." Sympathy, and not charity, is what the poor man wants. They see us faring (comparatively with them) sumptuously every day, and clothed in purple and fine linen, and if they see us coldly passing on the other side, their hearts will harden against us. But visit them with the warm rays of sympathy and kindness, and that hardness will melt away like ice in the sun. The difference between us and the ignorant man we enlighten, is but that between the polished and the unpolished agate. A mass of ignorance is like an explosive compound, which a spark of excitement may kindle into destructive life. But knowledge preserves and protects.

It is said we must educate the child. So we do. But here we have a man who is not educated. He is but a bearded child. What are we to do with him? Ignorance is a prolongation of the infirmities of childhood. Nay, an ignorant man has the physical strength and the passions of manhood, with the moral weakness and unsteadiness of purpose of the child.

The objections to the plan are to the principle and the details. If we have not the necessary powers, by statute, they can be had. Who on earth would ask by what authority we called a few adults, of a winter's evening, and to teach them to read and write? The primal sympathies of man would answer that we do it by a law anterior to all other codes or constuations, a law written upon the tablets of the heart; the same law that says "if any brother be hungry, feed him, if he be naked, clothe him."

If we employ our own school rooms for this purpose, it is said, they will be injured. The men will soil the floors with their muddy feet, and spill oil on the seats. I can only say that the teacher who would object to such a use of room, on such grounds, has not the true self-sacrifice of a teacher. He has yet to learn the proper spirit of a teacher. So too our seats are too small for adults. What trifling is this!—Here are men hungering for the bread of knowledge and they come to us and ask for it, and we tell them that our seats are too small for them, and we cannot acceed to their request. They would answer "we will sit on the floor, if no better place can be had."

How needless to argue against methods and instruments. If the principle be right, let us try it. Experience will enlighten us as to details.

We have ignorant men among us. This is admitted. They are voters also, and thus elements of good or evil in the State. Let us enlighten all that we can. An instructed man is like a stone set in a goodly building, contributing to the strength and symmetry of the whole structure, but an ignorant man is like a stumbling block of offences to the highway; an obstacle in the way of progress. We cannot enlighten all the dark places in the land. Population increases so fast, not only by births at home, but by emigration from abroad, that all our moral, educational, intellectual means and instruments, toil after it in vain. Any thing that quickens the movement of these latter is a good. There is an ever present danger in ignorance. If ever the fabric of our social prosperity be overturned, though ambition may furnish the lever, it is only ignorance that can supply the fulcrum.

Mr. LORING was very glad to see the gentleman from Ward 5, rise to oppose the measure; because, from his talents and experience, he would be likely to give all the reasons that could be advanced against it. He thought those reasons far from sufficient to balance the good to be obtained. He went on to enumerate the benefits of the plan; among others, that it would furnish employment for those who were now in a great measure deprived of occupation for their evenings. He had talked with several who had mentioned the loss of friends, brothers, and relatives, for want of such places to occupy their time.

CHRISTIAN SUPPORT. Referring to the melancholy death of Dr. Armstrong, the N. Y. correspondent of the Puritan says:—

"The sad tidings were borne to the widowed family by Dr. Adams, as remarked in his sermon on Sabbath morning. The wife, in suspense, answered to the ringing of the bell; her cold hand, told him of her apprehensions of the nature of his errand; and whilst overwhelmed with the burden of his painful duty, he was yet more overwhelmed with the remark with which she anticipated him—"The Lord has always prepared me to receive the tidings he sends;"—and, continued the preacher, I know not at which most to wonder, the mystery of that Providence which has taken away the husband and father in the midst of his usefulness, or that power of religious principle which sustained the desolate heart of the bereaved."

INSTALLATION AT CAMBRIDGEPORT.

On Sunday, Nov. 29th, Rev. JOHN F. W. WARE entered upon the duties of Pastor of the Unitarian Society in Cambridgeport. In the morning, the Pastor elect was inducted in office by appropriate religious services. The Installing Prayer was offered by Rev. James Walker, D. D., and an eloquent discourse was preached by Rev. George Putnam, D. D., from the text, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The object of the preacher was to show, that there are certain questions of vital importance to the peace and happiness of man, which his unaided reasoning powers cannot answer; among the most important, are those relating to the existence and character of God, and to the future destiny of man. Christianity alone, speaking with authority from above, can answer these questions, and thus impart *rest* to the human soul.

The services in the afternoon were conducted by Rev. Mr Ware. His discourse was from the text, "Search the Scriptures,—they are they which testify of me." After alluding to the connexion that day entered into between himself and the Society, and the simple service by which it had been introduced, he proceeded to speak with much earnestness and force, of the importance and necessity of an intimate acquaintance with the life of Christ, as revealed in the Scriptures, and the duty of the Christian minister so to unfold and illustrate its power and beauty, that it may become a living reality in the minds of men.

Religious services were held in the Church in the evening. An able and interesting Discourse was preached by Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston. He enforced with eloquence and power the great truth, that the end and aim of Christianity are the formation of character;—that its institutions and ordinances are valuable so far as they contribute to produce this result, and no farther;—that the design of religion is to make men perfect, even as God is perfect. This idea of the supreme importance of character, he defined to be the substance and the peculiarity of Unitarianism, and the grand central truth of Christianity.

The services throughout the day were of a highly interesting character, and were listened to with attention by large audiences. We trust that the connection between pastor and people, thus auspiciously commenced, may long continue, and be productive of much good. It may not be improper to state that the Society is now free from debt; that its selection was made with perfect unanimity, and that measures are now in progress for enlarging the organ belonging to the church, by the addition of a sub-bass. It is to be hoped, that these indications of outward prosperity may lead to an increased zeal in the cause of truth and righteousness, and to renewed efforts to establish the kingdom of God in the hearts of men. [Cambridge Chronicle.

For the Register.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Medfield, Mass., November 27th, Mr. John Ellis, aged 26.

In the death of this young man, another name has been added to the number of those, who, while preparing for the Christian Ministry, or soon after commencing its works, have been arrested by disease, and consigned to an untimely grave. Mr. Ellis was a graduate of Harvard University, of the class of 1842. On leaving College, he immediately connected himself with the Theological School at Cambridge, and having completed the usual course of studies there, was licensed to preach in the summer of 1845. His first labors in the pulpit were characterized with an ability and fervor, and were received with a degree of favor, far beyond the most sanguine expectations of his friends. One of his earliest efforts of this kind was made in his native village,—and those who heard him then, will not soon forget the agreeable surprise, with which they listened to his performances; nor the deep sympathy which they felt with the justly gratified feelings of his family and friends.—They could hardly realize that this was the boy who had grown up among them,—nor help feeling that he was henceforth to be regarded as a prophet, not wholly unworthy of heaven even in his own town, and among his own kinsfolk.—Soon he was called to take charge, for a limited time, of the Unitarian Society at Eastport, where he preached for about three months, and rendered himself so acceptable, says a correspondent, to all classes of his hearers, that they contemplated giving him an invitation to settle permanently among them as their pastor. Such was the gratifying intelligence which reached his friends here. But just as their hopes respecting him were at their most palmy height the sad news came, that, in consequence of a sudden and violent bronchital attack; he had lost his voice, and was totally disabled from pursuing his appointed work. He remained at Eastport through the winter, among a circle of warm-hearted friends, whom his services as a minister, and his social and engaging manners, as a man, had created and drawn around him. Early in the spring he returned to his friends in Medfield, pale, emaciated, his strength gone, and bearing on his countenance, the shadow of the grave. Soon, to the quick and apprehensive eye of parental solicitude, symptoms of the mortal malady, which had fastened itself on the seat of life, began, all too plainly, to manifest themselves, foreshadowing his doom. With indiscribable anguish his friends witnessed his decline from week to week, and from month to month, and did all for him that the most assiduous and tender love could do; but all in vain. They saw he must die, and he saw it too,—saw that he must thus early go down to the grave, his hopes and aspirations all unrealized,—the great work of life but just began. Such was the mysterious will of heaven; and the calmness and cheerfulness with which he met it, the patience and gentleness, which he manifested during his long sickness, his anxiety to spare the feelings of his friends, and to give them as little trouble as possible, are known only to God and to those who watched and suffered with him. At length as the awful crisis approached, he braced himself to meet it, with a manly fortitude, and with the faith of a Christian. His death was easy, gentle, peaceful, almost beautiful.

He has left us, our young brother, who, with respectable talents, a hopeful zeal, and brightening prospects of usefulness, was devoting himself to the highest and holiest work, in which man can be engaged;—he has gone,—but not with him will depart the memory of his life, or of his death;—nor have the sweet hopes perished, which he had awakened in the bosom of his friends. By the eye of faith, they can look beyond the thin veil, which separates the visible from the invisible, and behold their child, their brother, still alive, conscious, happy;—still advancing in knowledge and goodness, prepared by the intellectual and spiritual attainments, which he made here, to fill a more exalted sphere of glory and blessedness in the kingdom of his Father. It was not in vain then, that they labored to offer him the means of a liberal and pious education. It was not in vain that he stored his mind with sacred lore, and that his heart was raised, by a generous culture to love of the true, the beautiful, the holy, the perfect. He is better gratified thereby for the activities and enjoyments of a higher scene. He is the better fitted thereby for Heaven. The Father, who had need of him, hath called him to a higher and holier ministry above.

MINISTRY AT LARGE.

A central Office has been secured for the uses of the Ministry at Large in this city and neighborhood, over Messrs. Ticknor & Co.'s Bookstore, at the corner of School and Washington streets. Some one of the ministers or their clerk will be found here at certain hours to be subsequently made known to the community. The friends of the ministry will please address all communications or contributions to this place. Reference tickets and Record Books will be prepared without delay. And our citizens generally are earnestly invited to avail themselves of the facilities of the Office to give greater method, certainty, and efficiency to the Ministry at Large. Reports and all other publications on this subject are requested in exchange from other parts of the United States and from Great Britain.

MINISTRY AT LARGE.

By an error of the press, the meeting at Providence in behalf of this ministry was stated, in our last Register as having been held on Tuesday instead of Sunday.

We would add that Mr. Hall and Mr. Osgood both delivered appropriate discourses to their own people, on the afternoon of the Sabbath in question. They and their parishes are in earnest in the matter.

THIRTEENTH ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

This attractive annual occasion is to commence 22d Dec. (forefathers' day,) in Faneuil Hall.

Judging from the English papers, the goods displayed must be much more attractive and beautiful than ever before, and great preparations are being made also at home.

The ladies engaged in this Fair are Mrs. Follen, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Samson, Mrs. May, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Russell, Misses Sargent, Weston, Southwick, Tufts, Cabot and many others.

We are informed that donations of money, materials, provisions of all kinds, and Am. bleached cottons, will be of great service at the present moment.

*** Rev. J. Winkley, of Boston, is to deliver a lecture next Sabbath evening in the First Universalist Church, in aid of the objects and funds of the "Social Relief Society." This society is composed, with a few exceptions, of residents of the north part of the city, and has since its formation in 1842 relieved a vast amount of suffering, by distributing the necessities of life, during the severe cold winter months to many of the destitute families with which our city abounds.

They are doing all they can, but wish to do more, and are now making a public appeal which it will be hard to resist. Go with your hearts and *pockets full*, and our word for it you will be the happier after your gift. *.

*** Two or three communications (one from C. W. H.) which came too late for this week, will appear in our next. "Little James and his Dove" we have been sorry to keep so long.

In our article on Hymns &c, last week, we quoted five hymns in such a way as to give the impression that they were to be found only in the book which we were reviewing. The last three of those hymns are in the Cheshire Collection, which is certainly one of the most complete collections we have, perhaps the most so, though we have a warm partiality for Dr Greenwood's.

LECTURES ON THE SCRIPTURES.

We learn that the Rev. Dr. Gannett will commence tomorrow evening at his church, a course of Lectures to be given every other Sunday evening upon "*The Character and Contents of the Scriptures.*" The mere announcement of the above, we think sufficient to invite the attention of all the friends of the Bible, to the Federal Street Church tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock. *.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week by Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown, from Hebrews vi. 5. "The powers of the world to come."

Subject—the intimations and influences of the unseen world.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

*** Below are two touching incidents; but how sad to record the two first of men who have perished in the Mexican war. That *such* men as Morris and McKavet should have been compelled to fight in such a contest, is almost if not quite as deplorable as their loss.

ATTACK ON TOBASCO. The following from the Journal, is the only account we are disposed to give of this affair. Let such victories be recorded in this way, to make them what they are—odious.

Death of a Brave Officer. Commodore Perry has made a successful attack on Tobasco—done great injury to the city, and probably killed many of the inhabitants—women and children—and captured several Mexican vessels, which he has brought away. We do not perceive that much permanent benefit will accrue from this "successful attack on Tobasco."

The loss of the Americans in this action is probably not great. The numbers are not given,—but the death of one gallant officer is recorded, who was an honor to human nature, and whose death will be regarded as a public loss. We speak of Lieutenant Charles W. Morris, a son of Commodore Charles Morris. He fell in the discharge of his duty, being shot by the enemy while in a boat, transmitting orders from the commodore to an officer in the squadron. Mr. Morris was well known in Boston and the vicinity of Boston. He was a native of this State, and entered the service in 1829. His family, consisting of a wife, the daughter of Richard Devens, Esq., of Charlestown, and children, reside in Charlestown. Lieutenant Morris has ever been esteemed by all who have associated with him on the sea or on shore as a faithful *officer*, possessing a generous and gallant spirit, and well skilled in all the scientific and practical duties of his profession, and as a *man*, gentle, unassuming, yet of a high intellectual, moral and religious character.

How many more of our bravest and worthiest citizens are to be sacrificed in this unjust war with Mexico?

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce in a letter giving an account of the bombardment of Tabasco, speaks of the fate of Lieutenant Morris, who was shot while proceeding with orders from Commodore Perry to Lieutenant Parker. The writer says:—"As he neared Lieutenant Parker, Lieutenant Morris was standing upright in the stern sheets of his boat, when a volley of muskets, from the Mexicans, was discharged at his boat. A ball struck him just under the chin—glancing, it entered his throat, and buried itself against the vertebræ of the neck. He fell, and was conveyed, almost insensible, if not quite, back to the Vixen, where surgical aid was immediately afforded."

He yet lived—and when the conflict was over, and the expedition had returned, the wounded officer was conveyed to the flag ship Cumberland, and placed in the cabin of Commodore Conner. The writer says:—

"It was now nearly 8 o'clock of the evening—a lovely night—and the eve of the Sabbath day. There seemed a rest spread over the expense of water, in which the shipping lay, ill accordant with the scenes of awful strife which had been going on for days. Lieutenant Morris recognized the Commodore as he spoke to him, and spoke audibly himself, but with difficulty, as he was adjusted in his cot for his night of un-rest.

The evening advanced, and all was quiet in the ship; and the dying Lieutenant had around him the kindest attendance, and hopes were cherished still that it might be well for him, and he would yet recover. But two hours had only passed, the ten o'clock lights were just put out, when a sudden change, which might, at any moment, have been expected, came over the sufferer; and, in five minutes more, he slept, one of the noblest victims that this unholy war could have numbered from the young officers of our Navy. He had been composed during all his consciousness of his critical situation—had made all his arrangements—and left his farewell letters, should that fate meet him, which now indeed had come upon him.

At one moment, after having been assured by the surgeon that there was little hope of his long surviving his wound, he requested to have read to him that beautiful passage of the Scriptures, in which Christ says, "In my Father's house there are many mansions—if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also." And as he closed his eyes on earth forever, it was a blessed consolation to those who loved him, to feel the assurance that his spirit now rested in one of those "many mansions," prepared for *the pure in heart.*"

A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE. The following paragraph is extracted from a Washington letter in the True Sun:

Yesterday the last will of Capt. McKavet, of the 8th Infantry, killed in Worth's division, at the storming of Monterey, arrived in the city. It was found in his trunk after the battle, and appeared to have been written the night previous. He wills to the Orphan Asylum, in New York city, where he was nurtured in his childhood, nearly all his effects, including a farm in the State of New York, and some money due him as pay.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. The Caledonia, arrived at this port, on Saturday morning, from Liverpool in 15 1-2 days.

The Corn markets in England and France are still animated, and prices of wheat are nearly maintained, nothwithstanding the large quantities exported from this country.

The Cotton market remains in much the same state as our previous accounts advertised. A decline was, however, anticipated.

Trade in the manufacturing districts continues in a very depressed state. Large orders from America were anxiously expected. Nearly all the factories have adopted the short time system, and work only four days in the week.

Money is not so abundant in London, and in several of the continental cities a momentary crisis exists.

By the accounts from Ireland, we find that although there is extreme distress in many parts of the South and West, and occasional outrages and food disturbances, yet the general condition of the country, all things considered, is improved.

The general European news is not important. The insurrection in Portugal has assumed a very serious shape.

The difficulties between the British and French Governments, respecting the Montpensier marriage question, are by no means settled.

The steamer Great Britain still remains on the sands of Dundrum Bay. Several practical men have examined her position, and expressed hopes that she may be got off.

It is said that the virgin of Atocha was decked, on the day of the Queen's marriage, with a magnificent chemisette, a present from Ferdinand VII on his return, in 1814, and a petticoat admirably embroidered, the work of the infant Don Antonio, uncle of Ferdinand.

The Courier des Etats Unis states that the sum of $698 has been raised, among the French population of New York, for the relief of the sufferers by the inundation of the Loire and its branches.

A BROTHER'S DYING CARE. In the breast pocket of Mr. Charles French, who perished in the wreck of the Atlantic, was found the miniature of his only brother, Benjamin. It was a favorite and beautiful painting, executed in London; and to preserve this, whether he escaped or perished, Charles carefully wrapped it in a linen handkerchief, marked with his whole name, and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat, thus showing that some of his last thoughts were upon his brother. The miniature, by being thus protected, escaped without being very materially injured; though the case was so soaked in water as to fall apart. This picture, with a penknife and a small key, were forwarded to Mr. French's friends yesterday. Nothing has yet been heard of his watch, purse or valise. [Traveller.

WONDERFUL, IF TRUE. The Liverpool Standard of the 20th ult. quotes the following item of news from the Dublin Statesman, relating to a "projected alliance or combination of all the episcopal churches in the world, which is said to be now set on foot at Rome, under the influence of the present liberal pope." The idea seems to be, to abate the papal supremacy nominally into a mere patriarchate, and to make a few doctrinal changes or explanations for the satisfaction of the various episcopal churches of the East and West who are to be combined. The Dublin paper questions the statement, but says, "We live in strange times, and the idea has not been altogether overlooked by the tractarian party, so that if such a project does turn up, we shall not be taken by surprise."

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars, contributed by the Ladies of the Sunday School Society in Kennebunk, Me., connected with the Parish over which Rev William C. Tenney is Pastor, to constitute Mr George W. Bourne, their Superintendent, a Life Member.

Boston, Dec 4, 1846.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The proprietor of the Register would repeat his request, to those subscribers who have recently had bills sent to them, to forward the amount, at their earliest possible convenience.

The money is needed for the essential operations of the establishment, and an early remittance will be a personal favor to the publisher, by relieving burdens which, from the long delay of many small but weekly increasing sums have grown to be very inconvenient.

Those at a distance, as well as those who pay sums not convenient to send by mail can pay the amount each to his respective postmaster, and forward to us his receipt. A proper form of receipt is given below.

POST OFFICE, (Town,) (State,)
(Month,) (Date,) 184 .

Received of (A. B.) —— dollars —— cents for his subscription to the Christian Register, payable to the Publisher by the Post Master of Boston, Mass., on presentation of this Receipt, duly endorsed.

$—— C. D.,
n14 tf Post Master.

☞ LECTURES. Rev. Dr. GANNETT is to deliver a Course of Lectures upon the "Scriptures," at his own Church, on Sunday evenings during the present winter.

The first Lecture will be to-morrow evening, Dec. 13th—to begin at 7 o'clock. d12

☞ THE WORCESTER ASSOCIATION will meet at the house of Rev Mr Wilson in Grafton, on Tuesday, Dec 15th, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
d12 H. WITHINGTON, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

8th inst., by Rev Mr Lincoln, of Fitchburg, Rev J. C. Smith, of Groton, to Miss Margaret A., daughter of Mr George Brigham, of Groton.

In Brighton, 3d inst., by Rev Mr Whitney, Mr Wm. Kittredge, Jr., of Westford, to Miss Elizabeth H. Tilton, of Brighton.

In Milton, Sunday evening, Dec. 6, by Nathan C. Martin, Esq., Mr. Jacob G. French to Miss Julia A. Danforth, all of Dorchester.

In Somerville, on Sunday evening, by Rev J. T. Sargent, Mr William S. Dustin to Miss Nancy M. G. Robbins.

In Waltham, 1st inst, by Rev S. Ripley, J. Lindley Johnson, Esq. of Springfield, Mass., to Miss Lydia S. Townsend of W.

In Fitchburg, on Thanksgiving eve, by Rev Mr Lincoln, Mr John Brown, Jr. of Concord, to Miss Amanda M., daughter of the late Samuel Willis of F.

In Enfield, 24th ult. by Rev Mr McEwen, Charles Delano Bowman, Esq. of Oxford, to Almira Louise, daughter of Hon Elnathan Jones.

DEATHS.

In this city, 29th ult., Mr Thomas Howe, 74.

In Malden, on Tuesday, Hon George Odiorne, of Boston, 82.

In West Cambridge, 28th ult., Mr Wm Cutter, a pensioner of the revolution, 88.

In Watertown, 2d inst., Mr James Neuman, 76.

In Saxonville, (Framingham,) 26th, Mrs Sarah, wife of Abner Stone, 64.

ANNUALS FOR 1847. The Diadem—10 engravings;
Mayflower—9 engravings;
Amaranth—7 engravings;
Evergreen—10 engravings;
Christmas Blossoms—6 engravings;
Rainbow—10 steel plate engravings;
Christian Keepsake—9 engravings;
Rose of Sharon—7 engravings;
Floral Offering—10 plates, beautifully colored;
Friendship's Offering—9 engravings;
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Also beautiful editions of
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Poets and Poetry of America, edited by R. W. Griswold;
Poets and Poetry of America, edited by Keese;
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All in rich bindings. For sale at low prices at SIMPKINS'S, No 94 Washington street, d12

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.—Heine's Letters, 16mo;
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Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces, 2 vols, 16mo;
Goethe's Egmont, 16mo;
Walt and Vult, or The Twins, 2 vols, 16mo;
Menzell's German Literature, 3 vols, 12mo;
Jouffroy's Introduction to Ethics, 2 vols, 12mo;
DeWette's Human Life, 2 vols, 12mo;
Songs and Ballads, &c. &c. &c.
The above volumes published and for sale at a discount from former prices by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st eet. d12

MEMOIR OF ROBERT SWAIN. The subscribers will publish on the 20th of the present month, Memoirs of Robert Swain, 1 vol 16mo, pp 260, one of the best gift books of the season.
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WARE'S LIFE AND WORKS. 1. Memoir of the Life of Henry Ware, Jr., by his brother John Ware, M. D., 2d ed, 2 vols, portraits.
2. Works of Rev Henry Ware, Jr., edited by Rev. Chandler Robbins, vols I and 2 now ready, vol 3 is in press, 12mo.
3. Life of the Savior, 5th ed, 18mo.
4. Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching, 18mo.
5. Formation of the Christian Character, 13th ed, 18 mo.
6. Selections from Priestley's Writings, with a Memoir by Mr Ware, 12mo.
7. Life of Rev Dr Noah Worcester, with fine steel Portrait, 12mo.
The above published and for sale, wholesale and retail, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. d12

EMERSON'S POEMS. The subscribers have in press a volume of Poems by Ralph Waldo Emerson, 16mo size, which will be published in about 10 days.
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NEW BOOKS. JAMES MUNROE & Co., have in Press, and will publish in about ten days—
1. Noyes's Psalms—A new translation of the Book of Psalms, with an Introduction and Notes, new edition, 12mo.
2. Ware's Discourses—Discourses by Rev H. Ware, Jr., being vol 3d of the Works, 12mo.
3. Memoir of Robert Swain, 1 vol 16mo.
4. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays of A. H. Everett, 2d series, 12mo.
5. Poems, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1 vol, 16mo.
6. Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Ruchart, Frioligrath, and other German Poets, by Charles T. Brooks, 1 vol 16mo.
7. Songs of the Sea, with Poems and Dramatic Pieces, by Epes Sargent, 1 vol 16mo,
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9. Essays, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1st series, new edition, 1 vol 16mo.
10. Homer's Illiad, with new Notes by Prof Felton, 1 vol 12mo.
11. A system of Moral Philosophy, adapted to children and Families, and especially to Common Schools, by Rev O. Steele and a friend, 1 vol 18mo.
12. Agamennon of Aeschylus, with Notes, by Prof. Felton, 12mo.
13. Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius, by Miss Farley, (one of the Editors of the Lowell Offering,) 12mo. d12

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS. CROSBY & NICHOLS, No. 118 Washington st., have for sale a great variety of Books, &c. suitable for Holiday Presents;
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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

THE DEATH OF MAN.

BY JONES VERY.

All Nature dies! Wide over hill and plain
The forests brown and withered meet the eye,
The flowers are gone, the birds will not remain,
The grass so green of late is pale and dry.
But what is Nature's death, though far and wide
Thou see'st the emblems of her sure decay,
To Man's; to whom in soul thou art allied;
And who but now unnoticed passed away!
Daily he passes; in the lowly shed,
In the high palace, 'neath the open sky;
No world wide symbols mark that He is dead,
No far-seen splendor draws thy wond'ring eye;
Yet passed there from thee all that Heaven could give,
And more than could within all Nature live!

TRUE LOVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There are furrows on thy brow, wife,
Thy hair is thin and gray,
And the light that once was in thine eye
Hath sorrow stol'n away.
Thou art no longer fair, wife,
The rose hath left thy cheek,
And thy once firm and graceful form
Is wasted now and weak.

But thy heart is just as warm, wife,
As when we first were wed;
As when thy merry eye was bright,
And thy smooth cheek was red.
Ah! that was long ago, wife,
We thought not then of care;
We then were spendthrifts of our joy—
We now have none to spare!

Well, well dost thou remember, wife,
The little child we laid,
The three years' darling, fair and pure,
Beneath the yew tree's shade;
The worth from life was gone, wife,
We said with foolish tongue,—
But we've blessed since then the Chastener
Who took that child so young!

—There was John, thy boast and pride, wife,
Who lived to manhood's prime—
Would God I could have died for him,
Who died before his time!
—There is Jane, thy second self, wife,
A thing of sin and shame,—
Our poorest neighbors pity us,
When they but hear her name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife,
I nursed her on my knee,
And the evil, woeful ways she took,
Were never taught by thee.
We were proud of her fair face, wife!
—And I have tamely stood,
And not avenged her down all
In her betrayer's blood!

I had such evil thoughts, wife,
I cursed him to his face:
But he was rich and I was poor,
—The rich know no disgrace!
The gallows would have had me, wife,
—For that I did not care!
The only thing that saved his life
Were thoughts of thy despair.

There's something in thy face, wife,
That calms thy maddened brain;
Thy furrowed brow, thy hollow eye,
Thy look of patient pain;
Thy lips that never smile, wife;
Thy bloodless cheeks and wan!
Thy form which once was beautiful,
Whose beauty now is gone;

Oh, these they tell such tales, wife,
They fill my eyes with tears;
We have borne so much together
Through these long thirty years,
That I will meekly bear, wife,
What God appointeth here;
Nor add to thy o'erflowing cup
Another bitter tear!

Let the betrayer live, wife;
Be this our only prayer,
That grief may send our prodigal
Back to the Father's care!
—Give me thy faithful hand, wife—
Oh God, who reign'st above,
We bless thee in our misery,
For one sure solace—love!

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVELINE.

At the door of a splendid house stood a slender woman, dressed in deep mourning.

"I don't think anybody is at home," said the vulgar looking footman. "At least to such a shabby figure as you!" he muttered as he banged the door. The woman sat down upon the step, and leaned her head upon her hand. At length, finding herself an object of attention to people going by, she rose, and pulled the bell again.

The same servant opened it. His face assumed an insolent expression, but the stranger prevented any rude speech he was ready to utter, by giving him a card, and stepping calmly into the house. He looked at the name in amazement a moment, then civilly conducted the lady into a parlor, and went to announce her to the family.

Presently an elderly man came in, holding her card in his hand. He bowed coldly, and gazed at her in silence a moment. The lady looked at him with an earnest and expressive countenance.

"My husband's father!" said she. "The resemblance is most striking."

Seeing that she was most affected, the gentleman, with a slight change of countenance, which seemed vexation rather than emotion, moved a chair towards her, and sat down himself.

"Madame," said he, frigidly, "the information of the death of my unfortunate son, reached us so long since, that my wife and daughters have laid aside their mourning, yet I have from this card the first intimation that he had a wife."

"I knew that my husband was not on good terms with his family," said the widow, "and I hope to be able to support myself, and not be a burden upon your kindness. I now only ask a temporary relief, till I can regain my health, and the ability to labor for my bread."

"It will ill become me to allow my daughter-in-law to work for a living," said the gentleman, but without the kind look which should have accompnied the sentiment. "Since you claim our name, you must be respectably provided for."

"I thank you," said the widow faintly.

"You shall stay here, on such terms of companionship as you can agree upon with my wife and daughters. You will of course join us at table, unless we have particular company, when you could have your meals in your own room, on pretext of being an invalid."

The word "pretext" brought the color into the pale cheek of the widow. The gentleman observed it, and as he *was* a gentleman, though a cold hearted man, he hastened to say, "I only mean, as an invalid, and also a widow, you might claim the privilege of seclusion from company.

Then saying his wife would see her when she had finished dressing, he rang the bell for a servant to take her bonnet and shawl, and departed.

"I shall have more sympathy from poor Frederick's mother. A mother's love can never be alienated," thought the widow.

An hour passed before Mrs. Cumberland made her appearance, in a very rich dress, and betraying a vulgar consciousness of it. Three young ladies stood before the stranger with examining eyes, and while she conversed with their mother, made remarks or signs to each other, regarding her dress and appearance.

"How lucky it is that you have not left off mourning!" observed Mrs. Cumberland, with a drawl. "You can have our mourning gowns altered to fit, and be made quite decent at small expense."

"One of mother's gowns would make three like that she has on!" whispered Amanda.—"What a little midge she is!" replied Caroline. "What an old fashioned pin! and how common looking! I hope she is not always to be decked with it!" said Helen.

"You will not of course, expect us to do much for you," said Mrs. Cumberland. "Had Mr. Cumberland died before Frederick, he would have had no claim upon his father's estate. His debts were paid the last time upon the express understanding, that——"

"I claim nothing, ma'am, but a present shelter."

"I wonder how Frederick came to fall in love with her," whispered Helen, "I don't call her very handsome, I am sure." "Too thin and pale," returned the plump Amanda." "Her hair is as black as Fanny's," observed Caroline.—"It is done up *horridly*."

"What was your name before you become Mrs. Cumberland?" inquired the dowager.

"Eveline Beresford."

"Romantic!" whispered Helen, with a twist of her mouth. The others replied by similar grimace.

Eveline retired to her room, after an hour or two, sad and exhausted. She had thrown herself on her bed, when Helen entered, without the ceremony of knocking, to say that she must ring when she wanted anything, and be sure to treat the servants with the distance and hauteur necessary to preserve their respect. Then after some remarks upon a ring which she observed upon Eveline's finger, she walked out of the room.

"There is no one here whom I can love," thought poor Eveline, "no one who will ever love me," and pressing her hand to her side, which was throbbing with pain, she wept.

A light and irregular knocking at the door made her restrain her sobs, and listen. Doubtful whether it was really any one knocking for admission, she did not speak.

"May I come in?" said a child's voice.

"Yes, O yes!", said Eveline, her heart bounding at the sound.

A little girl of eight years old opened the door softly, came in on tiptoe, bashfully blushing, and stood by the bed side. "I am little Fanny," said she. "Please tell me about dear brother Frederick. Did he love you very dearly? And did he tell you all about his little Fanny?" And as she put up her rosy cheeks for a kiss. Eveline drew her upon the bed, and she nestled confidingly at her side, talking very fast about her brother, and the pets he had brought her home from abroad, and which she cherished for his sake.

Eveline's lonely heart was comforted; here was one bosom in the family which the world had not yet made selfish and cold, one subject for affection to cling to. Her spirits rose with a bound. The gloomy thought of dying unpitied and unwept never again made her tears flow; hope and faith returned, not to be again overshadowed.

"I will not sadden this sweet child," thought she. "If it is God's will to take me to himself, she shall have no melancholy impressions from my decline. Ought not a Christian to be joyful at all times? I feel that I can, that I shall, be happy, even here."

"I feel always as if brother Frederick was alive, beyond the sea," said Fanny, "and I often dream that he has come home. I know I must not expect to see him, for he is dead.—But even while I say so, I don't believe it in reality."

"He *is* living," said Eveline, in a faltering voice.

"Yes, I know it," said Fanny, "but we cannot see him. Perhaps he hears us, talking about him. Perhaps he is happier because we love him still."

"*We* shall not forget him," said Eveline, pressing the child to her bosom.

"One thing grieves me," said Fanny, sighing. "But I did not like to speak of it to you."

"Yes, tell me," said Eveline, "what troubles you."

"Mother says that Frederick when he was alive did many wrong things. He spent a great deal of papa's money. And she and my sisters say he would never do as they wanted him to, in the world."

Eveline did not wonder that they had no influence over him.

"And so I am afraid that God does not love him as well as we do; and if God does not love him, and turns away from him, as father did, because he disobeyed him, will he be happy where he is now?"

"If we found so much love in him," said Eveline, "will not also his Father in Heaven, who knew him better than his earthly friends!"

"Will God love him for being kind to his little Fanny?"

"Every kind thought, and every affectionate feeling, were known to his Maker."

"I am glad. It makes me happy to think so." And jumping down from the bed, Fanny ran to bring her turtle-doves for Eveline to see. They were very beautiful, and very tame. "They used to sit on Frederick's shoulder, sometimes, and pick crumbs from his lips," said she, fondling them. "I call this one Freddy, and now I will call this one Eveline." Eveline smiled, and Fanny did not notice that there was a tear in her eye.

If the stern father, and the worldly mother had listened to the conversation of Eveline and Fanny, and seen them at this moment, would not their hearts have been softened? It was a lovely picture; Eveline's face was white as the pillow on which it lay, and had was made more strikingly pale by the raven black hair parted upon the forehead, and the jet black eyes, glittering with tears. It was a touching contrast to the blooming countenance of little Fanny, shaded also by the jet black tresses, but radiant with health and innocent joy.

Fanny was no longer called "little pet," "Meddlesome Matty," "Cry-baby," "Mamma's torment," for from this time she went to none but Eveline with her childish griefs and discontents, and spent her play-hours chiefly in her room. The physicion who had been called to Eveline pronounced her disease incurable.—She might live for years, however, he thought, unless some new complaint fastened upon her enfeebled frame.

She devoted herself to Fanny's improvement and happiness; in return, Fanny was a most attentive nurse: and month after month passed away very happily. At the end of a year she found herself no nearer than at first to the other members of the family. Riding, visiting and receiving visits, shopping, and dressing,—were ever ladies so busy, so industrious, who had nothing to do but to be amused! They could not find time to read, or to visit Eveline's sick room. From Mr. Cumberland, she received those formal attentions which he considered due to every lady. But for his icy manner, these would have been gratefully felt. Once, indeed, he showed that all feeling was not frozen within his bosom.

"Did my son speak of me in his last illness?" asked he one day, when he was alone in the carriage with Eveline. He looked out of the window, as he spoke, but she saw that his lips trembled. She assured him of Frederick's heartfelt repentance, and his longing desire to see his father and be forgiven before he died.

"We never understood each other. It may have been partly my own fault. Had I another son to bring up, I should proceed differently."—Eveline did not dare to speak.

"The wind is getting out to the east; I advise you to draw up your shawl," said he, looking round with a face as stern as ever.

"Thank you, sir," said Eveline, obeying.—Had there been in his countenance the least trace of a smile, anything like a kindly look, her heart would have gushed out warmly towards him, and she would have told him much that he would have been glad to learn. She would have told him that though his son had been sent out into the world with neither principles nor home affection to shield him from temptations, he had been guilty of little besides thoughtless extravagance; and that he had deeply regretted his wasted youth, and resolved to fill the rest of his life with worthy actions and duties punctually performed. Death had prevented the fulfilment of his resolutions, and he had breathed his last, trusting in the mercy of Him who alone could know their sincerity.

* * * * *

"*Miss* Cumberland has no more heart than a rag doll," said a girl who was packing Eveline's trunk, "to send you away from her, and you so sick."

"She thinks the country air will be of service to me," said Eveline, mildly.

"More like she and the young ladies don't like to have sickness in the house; it reminds 'em that they have got to go, like other folks, when their time comes, and leave every thing behind 'em but their good works."

Fanny was allowed to go with Eveline, but she went to her boarding-place, and when summoned home, she left Fairy, her pet kitten, behind, that Eveline might have "*somebody*" to love her.

But Fairy was not Eveline's only friend in her new home. Ladies who had time for Christian duties, came to visit her, bringing flowers and books; and took turns in watching by her bedside. They soon became warmly interested in her, and loved to be with her, and listen to her happy thoughts. She sometimes beguiled the weary hours of a sleepless night by making verses, which they wrote down from her lips.—Fairy alternately slept and frolicked upon her mistress's bed, and would eat only in her room. Eveline wrote some playful verses addressed to Fairy, to be given to Fanny when the kitten should be restored to her; and she tied a braid of her hair about her neck with a blue ribbon.—At first Fairy scratched and kicked at her necklace, and shook herself with all her might. But she soon got used to it, and everybody thought it very becoming.

At last Eveline breathed her last, as peacefully as an infant falling asleep. Word was sent to Mr. Cumberland. He ordered a handsome burial, but regretted that his engagements were such that it was not convenient for himself or any of his family to attend.

Some indignation was expressed at this among Eveline's new friends, who assembled to pay her the last tribute of respect, and to gaze for the last time upon her serene and lovely countenance. White roses were strewed in and upon her coffin, and the room was dressed with flowers. There was no gloom upon any countenance, but a deep and serious joy, as they joined in the service for the dead, and in thought followed her pure spirit to the abode of the blest.

In the midst of the service, Fairy came frisking in, all unconscious of her loss, and the solemnity of the scene. She even played with the fringe of the pall, and gave the tassels a smart pat which set them bobbing and swinging to and fro. Some one attempted to take her captive, but she flew over and under tables and chairs, across laps and backs, like a mad thing, and presently bounded out at a window.

She was sent to Fanny who received her with tears, which were soon dried, and her remembrance of Eveline was like a happy dream, except that her example and her teachings were never forgotten. Fanny grew up thoughtful and conscientious, yet as light-hearted and gay as Fairy herself. [Religious Magazine.

A TALE OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The following story is reported in the New York Tribune, as a "reality." The editor truly says of it, that in another century such a story as the following would be deemed a fable:

A few mornings since, a woman of rather respectable appearance was observed to cross the yard of the old Dead-House in the Park, making her way toward a pile of coffins which occupied a corner of the enclosure. The driver of the Alms-House hearse was employed about the yard at the time, and thought nothing of the appearance of the woman there, until he saw her, after some considerable time had elapsed, leave the yard and make her way into the street. The woman had been gone but a short time, when "John" was surprised at hearing the cries of an infant coming from the direction of the pile of coffins in the corner. He immediately commenced a search, and discovered in a coffin, the top of which had been removed, an infant entirely nude, and evidently new born. The thought of the woman immediately flashed across the driver's mind, and he started off to look for the mother, who had thus left her offspring to perish or exist in a poor-house coffin. Nothing could be seen of the woman, however, and John returned and reported the case to the Commissioner, who had the new-comer placed in the care of one of the Alms house nurses, to dress it and give it a fair start in the world.

The next day after the occurrence of these circumstances, Coroner Rawson was called to hold an inquest on the body of a woman named Frances Shaw, who had died under peculiar circumstances. She was on her way home, as was stated, from a shop where she had been to take home some work which she had been doing, and had nearly reached her boarding-house, when she was taken suddenly ill at the corner of City Hall place and Duane street, and died, either in the street, or soon after being carried to her residence. The Coroner was accompanied by a physician, who made a post-mortem examination, and came to the conclusion that the deceased had, a very short time before death, given birth to a child, and that her death was caused by concomitant circumstances. The inmates of the house could hardly believe this, as they had never seen any thing which indicated the approach of any such event as that mentioned by the physician. The woman, they said, was an honest, industrious seamstress, and they were entirely unprepared to believe what they were told; but the indications from which the Doctor judged were unmistakable, and a verdict was rendered accordingly by the Coroner's Jury. The inquest was at length completed; and, as there were no relatives to perform the rite of burial for the deceased, the body was directed to be buried at the public expense, and the Alms-House hearse was sent for. The driver came, and was about to place the body in the coffin, when he recognized it as the woman who came into the Dead-House yard, the day previously, and after whose departure the infant was found; and thus the whole mystery was explained. It is said that the woman was a widow, and was probably driven to the course which she pursued, by a dread of the shame which must have followed the discovery of her real situation. The child, though prematurely born, is now doing well, and appears as likely to live as any in the nursery.

FROM CHIEF JUSTICE PARKER'S LATE ADDRESS.

As we might well expect from the belligerent and selfish spirit which has characterized mankind, we hear little of national benevolence.—Although national justice is ever upon the tongues of monarchs, and chief magistrates, and legislators; it is in truth more often invoked by the weaker, and carried into exercise by the stronger party. National justice is not often permitted to stand in the way of national aggrandizement, if no more powerful obstacle be interposed.

What progress the present age has made in regard to war, and right, and justice, may be learned, amongst other things, from the subjugation of Poland by Russia;—the wars upon the Sikes, and other East India nations, by Great Britain;—the invasion of Algiers, by the French; and the expatriations of the Cherokees, and Seminoles, by the United States. And if other subjects of a kindred character are sought, they may readily be found.

I shall not be misunderstood. There is much in our free government, and in its administration, that may well elicit the heartfelt exclamation,

"This is my own, my native land."

I would not have that land powerless, and unable to repel aggression. The precept, that if smitten on one cheek we should turn the other also, was not, in my view, intended as a literal command never to resist injustice. It is no part of my belief that the American Revolution was, of itself, at war with the injunction of the gospel;—or that Poland was bound tamely to submit to subjugation, without a struggle for her existence;—or that the Cherokees were required, by Christianity, to be driven, unresistingly, like Hagar, into the wilderness, with little more than a crust of bread, and a bottle of water for their sustenance. The Jew who asked his pound of flesh, because it was so nominated in the bond, had at least the voluntary obligation of him whom he pursued, but the bond to the free and enlightened nation which held the destiny of the Cherokees in its hand, was an obligation of a much more questionable character.

It is well for us all to recollect upon what occasion and by whom it was said, "My eyes have grown dim in the service of my country, but I never doubted its justice." Can, we at this day, give utterance to the same expression of confidence; or shall we be forced to adopt the language of an eminent statesman of another land, and exclaim, "I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just."

The prophet of old, in describing the merchandize, and magnificence, and pride of ancient Tyre, enumerates, among her merchants, those who "traded the persons of men in her market." Do we enquire what progress has been made, in the thousands of years which have intervened, towards the suppresion of this odious traffic; which disregarding the rights of the weak, wrests them forcibly from their homes and their friends, loads them with fetters, casts them into prisons, and crowds them in the holds of vessels too small to furnish them the breath of life;—which fills up their passages across the ocean with horrors too revolting to be detailed;—and finally dispose of them, like beasts of draught and burden, in the markets of other countries?—We shall be told of the glorious efforts of Great Britain for the suppression of this trade, and the fact that it has been declared piracy by the most powerful maritime nations, our own included. Our attention will be called to the hundreds of thousands who have been manumitted in the British colonies, and to the memorable self-evident truths set forth in the declaration of independence, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," and "that among them are life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness." [N. H. Sentinel.

OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.

Strange as it may seem, certain it is that the regard we universally pay to other people's eyes, puts us to more trouble and expense than almost anything else. What sums of money are squandered away whether they can be afforded or not; what trouble, what toil, what fuss, what vexation, are submitted to for no better reason than because our neighbor possess the power of looking at us! As if other people's eyes did not already tax us sufficiently in the way what is called "keeping up appearances." Many even double or treble that tax in order to exaggerate appearances, and show themselves to the world in an expensive masquerade, till, perhaps, they end by becoming really poor, merely through the pains they take to avoid the imputation of being thought so; or rather through the misplaced ambition of being considered far wealthier than they really are. The keeping up of appearances is laudable enough; but the art of doing so is not understood by every one, for instead of regulating appearances according to a scale which they can consistently and uniformly adhere to, a great many persons set out in life by making appearances far beyond what they can afford, and beyond what they can "keep up" at all—at least, not without constant effort, pain, and apprehension. Society abounds with such tiptoe people—as they may well enough be described, since they assume the uneasy attitude of walking upon tiptoe, which though it may do for travelling across a Turkey carpet or hearth-rug, is ill suited for journeying through life on a road, which, though rugless, is nevertheless, apt to be found rugged, and requires to be trodden firmly if we would keep our footing. Had people but resolution enough to be, not absolutely indifferent to or cynically regardless of but less solicitous about, what others may think of their concerns, of what a load of trouble might they at once relieve themselves; for one half of the toil, the anxieties, and the fatigues of life, is occasioned by the struggle to cut a figure in that great *ala de bœuf*, the eye of the world.

A WORD TO BOYS. The "Learned Blacksmith says, Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs; with all its millions of darkly groping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the Boys of the present age! boys like you, assembled in school rooms or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic! Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, MEN, of the future, are all BOYS, whose feet, like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.

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DENTISTRY.

Dr. Rufus E. Dixon,

SURGEON DENTIST,

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WILLIS'S SACRED POEMS. Sacred Poems, by N. P. Willis, an elegant miniature vol. Just published and for sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. is3t n21

THE MOST *AGREEABLE, EASY, PLEASANT* AND NATURAL STYLE OF SETTING

TEETH.

DR. MORTON,

(Late Wells & Morton,) No. 19 Tremont Row, Boston.

WOULD take this method to inform his patients and the public generally, that he continues to insert Teeth upon his new plan, but that he has recently made great and valuable improvements which he confidently believes, give him in the insertion of Teeth, equal, if not greater facilities and advantages, than can be found at any other establishment.

The well known character of the operations performed at his office, for several years past, renders it unnecessary for him to mention the peculiar advantages of his system of practice, to any who may have made themselves familiar with it. But as so many strangers are constantly locating in Boston and the vicinity, he deems it proper, to briefly state, what, in his opinion, renders his course of practice the most desirable of any with which he is acquainted.

1st, Teeth inserted upon the new principle, are inserted with sufficient firmness to perform the office of mastication, and do not move in the mouth, as is the case with teeth inserted after the old methods.

2nd, They cannot lacerate the jaws and produce inflammation and swollen face.

3d, The taste is not destroyed by plates, improperly constructed, which cover the roof the mouth.

4th, Nothing enters into the composition of the teeth but mineral, and they are set alone upon gold plates.

5th, The teeth being carved in blocks, and so fastened upon the plates, no mucous food, or other matter can lodge around them, and produce a state of the mouth too well known and too disagreeat ie to be mentioned.

6th, Their style of finish and beauty cannot be surpassed.

Possessing all that is required to secure the above mentioned advantages of his course of practice, Dr. Morton feels confident, in asserting, that no mouth can come under his treatment, in which he cannot insert a set of teeth, that can be worn with pleasure and comfort.

[From the Transcript.]

DENTAL SURGERY.—Without wishing to detract from the merits of any of the regularly educated Surgeon Dentists of this city, we would call the attention of the public to a scientific gentleman, in whom entire confidence may be reposed, to perform in an elegant manner, any operation that may come under the cognizance of a Dentist.

[From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

IMPROVED DENTISTRY.—Dr. Morton, an ingenious Dentist in Tremont Row, in this city, has recently executed some extraordinary specimens of dental ingenuity, which makes it a difficult question to decide which *looks* the best—nature's work or his!

[From the Recorder.]

Our minds were directed, a short time since, to a piece of work constituting a whole jaw, teeth and all, in one single piece, being a perfect imitation, and which on being introduced into the mouth, we never should suspect any portion of the individual to be artificial. This ingenious invention and piece of work was executed by Dr Morton.

[From the Mail.]

DENTAL SCIENCE.—We saw a few days since an entire new set of artificial Teeth inserted for a lady, by Dr Morton, that defied the most critical observer to detect from the original. In the case above referred to, the lady experiences no difficulty whatever in mastication nor is her speech affected in the slightest degree.

[From the Evening Gazette.]

Dr. Morton has made a great improvement in mechanical dentistry. We have seen a whole upper set of Teeth, and we consider the style and finish to be a little superior to any we ever saw. They are inserted by a chemical process, entirely to the jaw that several pounds weight may be attached to the plate and raised from the floor.

DENTISTRY. We were much gratified with a visit a few days ago to the rooms of Dr. Morton, No. 19 Tremont Row. The toothless are there supplied with complete sets of teeth, inserted on a new principle, and sustained in their place by atmospheric pressure, so firmly that several pounds may be raised by them without removing the plate, which is made, as well as the solder, of the best of gold.—In this way many persons have been enabled to wear teeth with comfort who had given up all hope of any assistance of this kind.

Dr. Morton has studied the Dental art thoroughly, and on strictly scientific principles. He has in his possession the finest anatomical preparations, illustrative of the structure, positions, gradual developements, and decay of the teeth, which we have ever seen, imported from Paris, expressly for use.

It is highly gratifying to witness these triumphs of an art so intimately connected with health and comfort. Dr. Morton has extensive facilities for the preparation and insertion of whole sets of teeth. [Christian Watchman.

[From the Boston Post.]

Dr. Morton has been particularly successful in contriving gold pates for the support of artificial teeth, and has given the most perfect satisfaction in some recent operations of a very doubtful nature.

Having witnessed the operation of uniting gold plates as practised by Wells & Morton, I do hereby testify, that the gold used in the place of solder, for uniting the plates is *twenty carats fine*. And when the plates are united in this manner the whole presents the same appearance as if never separated.

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D.

Boston, Oct. 28, 1843. No. 27, Somerset street.

☞ See Dr. Morton's advertisement. Having experienced the benefit of his skill in our family, we can cordially re commend him. [Sherbrooke (Can.) Gazette.

The publisher of this paper had an opportunity in witnessing an operation performed by Dr. Morton, which the Transcript gives the following description of. [Christian Register.

DIFFICULT OPERATION.—Dr. Morton has recently performed a difficult operation upon a young lady very successfully. The nature of the case without going into particulars, was a Cleft Palate. The operation proved entirely satisfactory to the young lady operated upon, and will enable her to speak and articulate distinctly. [Transcript.

We lately had an opportunity of examining two beautiful whole sets of artificial teeth, which were set on gold plate of great purity, and soldered with gold of the same degree of fineness, so that no blackening or galvanic effect, or bad taste, can possibly result. This work we learned was done to order for a gentleman and his lady, who came here from Cuba, to avail themselves of the skill of Messrs. Wells & Morton. [Atlas.

We are happy to notice a whole set of Teeth inserted by Dr. Morton, the upper plate had a lb weight attached to it, and raised from the floor, the plate remaining firm in its place. [Post.

NEXT WHAT?—Animal magnetism, with all its boasted advantages of rendering people insensible to pain, appears likely to be superceded by a discovery of Dr. Morton, of Boston. The patient becomes immediately unconscious and insensible to pain, thus giving an opportunity for the most difficult and otherwise painful surgical operations without inconvenience. [Scientific American, New York.

An ulcerated tooth was extracted from the mouth of an individual without giving him the slightest pain. He was put into a kind of sleep, by inhaling a portion of this preparation, the effect of which lasted about three quarters of a minute, just long enough to extract the tooth. This discovery is destined to make a great revolution in the arts of surgery and surgical dentistry. [Transcript.

SURGICAL OPERATION.—On Saturday, Dr. Hayward, removed a very large tumor from the arms of a lady, who declared, after she awoke from the effect of Dr. Morton's preparation, that she had not the least consciousness of having suffered pain, the whole ten minutes being passed away in a dream, the particulars of which she related when she arose from the operator's chair. Dr. Morton who is a dentist, has administered the same preparation to persons, previous to extracting a tooth, and they wake up with astonishment at finding the tooth gone. [Christian Watchman.

The patient sitting in a chair, with every thing made ready by Dr. Warren, who extracted the tumor, inhaled the preparation for a very brief space of time, when he fell into a quiet slumber, and the surgeon proceeded to extract the tumor. The patient did not manifest the slightest symptoms of suffering, and no muscular action whatever. He appeared to be totally insensible of what was going on, till very near the close of the operation, which was quite protracted, when he drew a long sigh. [Daily Journal.

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CHRISTIAN HYMNS; FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP. Compiled by a Committee of the Cheshire Pastoral Association. Ninth Edition.

The publishers respectfully ask attention to this new Collection of Hymns for the Societies of the Unitarian denomination. The highest commendations have been bestowed upon it by those by whom it has been examined, and who are qualified to judge of its value.

As an evidence of the estimation in which the 'Christian Hymns' is held, we are permitted to give the following:

[Extract from a letter by Rev. Dr. Francis, of Cambridge.]

'I have looked through the book with great satisfaction; and I feel that our community are under much obligation to the Committee of the Cheshire Pastoral Association' for the very valuable contribution to the beauty and interest of public worship. I find in your collection many hymns that are new to me, and—what should hardly have expected—are likewise among the best that I have ever seen. The selection is made with great good taste, and with a judgment that happily provides some fitting strain of sacred poetry for every occasion and subject. The number of hymns is large, but I think none too large; and it is surprising how few poor ones there are among so many.'

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Rev. C. Palfrey's do, Barnstable, Mass.
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————, Hopkinton, Mass.
Rev. Mr. Leonard's Society, Dublin, N. H
Rev. Mr. Livermore's do, Keene, N. H.
Rev. Mr. Whitewell's do, Wilton, N. H.
Rev. Mr. Cutler's do, Peterboro', N. H.
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Rev. C. Bradford's, Bridgewater, Mass.
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Rev. Mr. Tilden's, Concord, N. H.
Rev Samuel Barrett's, Boston.
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Rev Mr Fosdick's, Boston.
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HAVING received our Fall supply of NEW GOODS, we would invite our customers and the public to call and examine our assortment, which is larger and better than at any previous season, and which will be sold at very low prices, and we pledge ourselves to always sell any article in our line as low as it can be found in the city.

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BATES' PATENT

Sliding Top Chamber Shower Bath

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he continues to manufacture and has on hand a large assortment of the above celebrated CHAMBER SHOWER BATHS; he will finish them to suit the taste of the purchaser. From numerous recommendations, the following are selected:

[From Dr John C. Warren, Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University.]

At the request of Mr Bates, I have examined his Chamber Shower Bath. It appears to me to be the most convenient portable shower bath I am acquainted with, for it is light, neat, and worked with very little trouble. This is an improvement which I am very glad to see, because I consider the external application of cold water to be a practice highly useful, and even important to most individuals.

The daily washing of the body serves to remove the cuticle which is constantly forming on the surface of the skin, and thus purifies it, and leaves its pores open for the discharge of those fluids which the preservation of health requires. Another great advantage is, that the sudden application of cold water in this mode to the suface of the body produces a bracing effect on the internal organs, particularly those of digestion.

The introduction of these baths into public hotels would be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest additions to the comfort of travellers, and their general use in private families would add much to the health of our whole population. JOHN C. WARREN.

Boston, April 2, 1845.

[From Dr. Geo. Hayward, Professor of the principles of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University.

Sir,—Having seen in operation, and examined the Chamber Shower Bath of Mr Bates, I take great pleasure in expressing my approbation of it. Frequent bathing is so necessary to health and comfort, that I am glad an apparatus has been constructed by which a person can take a shower bath in his own chamber with very little inconvenience. The bath of Mr Bates I think well adapted to the end proposed, and hope it will come into extensive use. GEO. HAYWARD.

Boston, April 7, 1845.

[From Dr. J. W. F. Lane.]

Boston, March 1, 1845.

The functions of the digestive apparatus and of the skin are so intimately connected, that the disturbance of the former frequently results solely from impediments to the due discharge of the duties of the latter. From inattention to cleanliness of the whole surface of the body, and from a want of more frequent general ablution, the minute pores of the skin become blocked up, so that the proper evaporation can no longer take place. To obviate these difficulties, and the diseases originating from them, no measure is perhaps so well adapted as the shower bath, properly regulated.

The patent Bath of Mr Bates, manufactured by L. V. Badger, is an article not only well adapted to all the cleanly purposes of the body, but so combines neatness and elegance as to be an ornament to any chamber.—The day cannot be far distant, when it will be deemed as essential to furnish the dressing room with one of these, as it formerly was with the wash-basin, and the advantages to the health resulting from the change, will soon make themselves apparent.

J. W. F. LANE, M. D.

[From the Hon Harrison Gray Otis, Boston.]

Mr. L. V. Badger: Sir,—In reply to your note, I am quite ready to say, that I have used your Vapor Lamp, in connection with a chair and curtain, which was originally furnished with a spirit-burner, and that I prefer yours altogether, as it may be placed at a distance from the other apparatus with perfect safety.

I am respectfully yours, &c.

H. G. OTIS.

[From H. G. O. Colby, Judge C. C. P., New Bedford.]

Mr L. V. Badger: Sir,—I have used one of your Patent Shower Baths for nearly a year, and take much pleasure in recommending it to the public. After I had given it a fair trial, I was so impressed with its usefulness, that I took special pains to speak of it to persons of my acquaintance, many of whom have purchased the article, and recommend it in the highest terms. My family would be willing to part with many articles, which are commonly considered of prime necessity, rather than relinquish their shower bath. If every householder could be induced to purchase one, we should hear less of those terrible pulm